SONATAS IN PROSE

W. H. MASON

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AN ANTHOLOGY OF ESSAYS OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY

EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION
AND CRITICAL NOTES

BY

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INTRODUCTION

The enjoyment of the essay is a late flower in the garden of literary delight. From infancy we respond to the appeal of a story and the child's interest in a tale of fairies or heroes grows naturally into the pleasure afforded by the novel. Poetry casts its spell upon us while we are yet young and, though often the succeeding years blunt our sensibility, we can from time to time and without great effort recapture the delight that comes from "the best words in the best order."[1] And which of us in youth has not quickened with pleasurable anticipation as the lights of the theatre are lowered and we find ourselves in Arden or Venice or Illyria? But I have yet to meet the reader who at an age when Shakespeare and Shaw, Keats and Browning, Dickens and Wells were giving him untold delight could say that The Spectator or The Citizen[2] of the World were anything but dull commentators; and though he might find pleasure in the anecdote which serves as nucleus or illustration, he would most likely confess that the essay, in itself, remained outside his range of interest. Nor is this surprising. For the appreciation of the essay depends upon an interest in personality and an interest in literary form. Neither of these will be

[1]Coleridge: Table Talk.

[2]Names assumed by Addison and Goldsmith respectively.

manifest until relatively late in our life and reading. We do not read Goldsmith on 'Education' or Lamb on 'Witches and other Night Fears' as we would a text-book on pedagogy or on necromancy: we want to know not what they *say*, but what *they* say—perhaps even more, *how* they say it. We may be attracted by the title—'Mammonism' or 'Machines', 'The Hooped Petticoat' or 'The Epicurean Tradition'—but our interest is not primarily in the subject but in Carlyle or Bertrand Russell, Addison or Powys, and in their approach to and treatment of their selected theme. For the essay is nothing if not, in legitimate degree, egotistical. What manner of men and what manner of writing—these are the questions presupposed in the critical enjoyment of the essay and they are not to be expected of us before our years of discrimination.

It may not be too fanciful to set against this tardy appreciation of the essay in our own literary experience the fact that among literary forms the essay is a late-comer. Like the novel it is the creation of the 18th century. True, its origins are to be found earlier, but the literary essay, as we understand the term, is not to be found as an accepted and flourishing form before 1700. The writers of Greece and Rome have given us philosophical meditations and discourses, but nothing that so elegantly renders thought and sentiment with playful ease as the essay of Steele and his successors. Montaigne it was who first looked within himself to find the mirror of humanity and

then "spoke unto paper as unto the first man he met" and so became the prototype of the essayist of all time. Bacon and Cowley, who both write under the influence of Montaigne make notable contributions to the evolution of the essay; but the one uses an idiom that is no longer current, the other lacks the sense of form the essay postulates. The Theophrastian[1] 'character', the pamphlet and the tract, the critical preface and analysis are further elements furnished by 17th century writers from Earle to Dryden. Though we may thus trace the essay's genealogy, it is still with something of surprise that we find it complete in form and essential features in "The Tatler" and "The Spectator". Nor must we forget to relate it to its social environment. Without the political and social stability achieved by the constitutional struggle of the 17th century; without the fusion of an aristocratic tradition of culture and liberal thought with the moral insistence of puritanism and the emotional sensibility of the middle-class, there would have been no opportunity for the essay to flourish. It was for the citizen merchant and the country gentleman that the essay came into being.

Is the essay to-day then, we may ask, different from when it first appeared ? Have our contemporary writers a different idea of their medium and of their purpose from that held by

[1]Theophrastus (373—284 B.C.) sketched the distinctive features of certain types of Athenian citizens. The term 'character' is used of a short essay presenting characteristic traits of a type of man or woman.

their Augustan predecessors? A glance at the list of essays here collected may at first suggest that this must be so. Machines are peculiar to our time and the 18th century was hardly conscious of the virtues and vices of Nationalism, but, such detail of subjects apart, the essayists of to-day and yesterday differ but slightly. Alike they are making an essay or analysis of some feature of life within and around them. Then as now the real subject of the essay is the writer himself, since it is primarily by his self-revelation and his judgment in relation to his material that the essayist engages our attention. From this follows the categorical imperative: "Thou shalt not be a bore." This implies that throughout the essay's moderate length, sufficient for an interval of leisure, the writer must interest us in his observation and charm us with his manner. He will not be concerned with the whole truth—even if that were humanly attainable—but only with the aspect that presents itself to his vision. He will seek to persuade rather than to prove; to lead us to feel as he does, rather than dogmatize, to induce us gently to his conclusions about the purpose of life and its values rather than bludgeon us into acceptance. (Carlyle has the temper of a prophet, not an essayist, and indeed illustrates very well the fact that the essay is not the right medium for the zealot. The essay precludes violence.)

Moreover the essay is a work of art and the essayist must show that regard for his medium and

the artistic unity of his creation which mark the finest work of the sculptor or the musician. "The two capital secrets of prose composition are these—", says De Quincey—and his dicta are especially true of the essay—"first, the philosophy of transition and connexion, or the art by which one step in an evolution of thought is made to arise out of another: all fluent and effective composition depends on the *connexions*: secondly, the way in which sentences are made to modify each other; for the most powerful effects in written eloquence arise out of this reverberation, as it were, from each other in a rapid succession of sentences." In this concern for the essential unity of composition in the essay Addison remains a model, as he is also in his happy tempering of morality with wit and in his blending of grace with erudition. Not without reason did Johnson say: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and eloquent but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison." The precision and ease, the nervous strength and finesse of style in the rendering of an ordered wholeness of conception—the characteristics of the essay at its best—remind us of the similiar perfection attained in the chamber-music of the 18th century. Indeed the good essay is a sonata in prose.

If then the reader of this little book has interest in what others have thought upon subjects ranging from the eccentricities of women's dress to an analysis of our beliefs, and is capable of appre-

ciating the formal values of the miniature in art, he can here find something to delight and stimulate his mind and to satisfy his sense of the fitness of form to content. The fears that darken childhood and the consolations of "years that bring the philosophic mind",[1] the oddities of character and of fortune, the moral earnestness of Carlyle, the emotional intensity of De Quincey—are but some of the facets of human experience illuminated by the essayists here represented. If he delights in political reflection or philosophical musing, in assessing the competing claims of nature and science, in considering the impact on our lives of the machine, the reader will find something both pleasing and challenging in these essays. Above all he will be in the company of minds inheriting a legacy of cultural tradition that derives from the classical world, and using for their expression a language that is as flexible as it is concise and as vigorous as it is picturesque. In the sequence of writers from Steele to Forster he may note the continuity of English prose which conserves its virtues, whilst adapting itself to ever-changing demands, and which in the 20th as in the 18th century, is a perfect medium for that mature and artistic whole—the Essay.

[1]Wordsworth : Ode on the Intimations of Immortality.

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JOSEPH ADDISON

OF LAUGHTER

When I make choice of a subject that has not been treated on by others, I throw together my reflections on it without any order or method, so that they may appear rather in the looseness and freedom of an essay, than in the regularity of a set discourse. It is after this manner that I shall consider laughter and ridicule in my present paper.

Man is the merriest species of the creation, all above and below him are serious. He sees things in a different light from other beings, and finds his mirth arising from objects that perhaps cause something like pity or displeasure in higher natures. Laughter is indeed a very good counterpoise to the spleen ; and it seems but reasonable that we should be capable of receiving joy from what is no real good to us, since we can receive grief from what is no real evil.

I have in my Forty-seventh Paper raised a speculation on the notion of a modern philosopher, who describes the first motive of laughter to be a secret comparison which we make between ourselves, and the persons we laugh at; or, in other words, that satisfaction which we receive from the opinion of some pre-eminence in ourselves, when we see the absurdities of another or when we reflect on any past absurdities of our own. This seems to hold in most cases, and we may observe that

the vainest part of mankind are the most addicted to this passion.

I have read a sermon of a conventual in the Church of Rome on those words of the Wise Man, "I said of Laughter, it is mad; and of Mirth, what does it?" Upon which he laid it down as a point of doctrine, that laughter was the effect of Original Sin, and that Adam could not laugh before the Fall.

Laughter, while it lasts, slackens and unbraces the mind, weakens the faculties, and causes a kind of remissness and dissolution in all the powers of the soul: and thus far it may be looked upon as a weakness in the composition of human nature. But if we consider the frequent reliefs we receive from it, and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind and damp our spirits, with transient unexpected gleams of joy, one would take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life.

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the qualification of little ungenerous tempers. A young man with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement. Every one has his flaws and weaknesses; nay, the greatest blemishes are often found in the most shining characters; but what an absurd thing is it to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities? to observe his imperfections more than his virtues; and to make use of him for the sport of others, rather than for our own improvement?

We therefore very often find, that persons the most accomplished in ridicule are those who are very shrewd at hitting a blot, without exerting anything masterly in themselves. As there are many eminent critics who never writ a good line, there are many admirable buffoons that animadvert upon every single defect in another, without ever discovering the least beauty of their own. By this means, these unlucky little wits often gain reputation in the esteem of vulgar minds, and raise themselves above persons of much more laudable characters.

If the talent of ridicule were employed to laugh men out of vice and folly, it might be of some use to the world; but instead of this, we find that it is generally made use of to laugh men out of virtue and good sense, by attacking every thing that is solemn and serious, decent and praiseworthy in human life.

We may observe, that in the first ages of the world, when the great souls and master-pieces of human nature were produced, men shined by a noble simplicity of behaviour, and were strangers to those little embellishments which are so fashionable in our present conversation. And it is very remarkable, that notwithstanding we fall short at present of the Ancients in poetry, painting, oratory, history, architecture, and all the noble arts and sciences which depend more upon genius than experience, we exceed them as much in doggerel, humour, burlesque, and all the trivial arts of ridicule. We meet with more raillery among the Moderns, but more good sense among the Ancients.

The two great branches of ridicule in writing are comedy and burlesque. The first ridicules persons by drawing them in their proper characters, the other by drawing them quite unlike themselves. Burlesque is therefore of two kinds; the first represents mean persons in the accoutrements of heroes, the other describes great persons acting and speaking like the basest among the people. Don Quixote is an instance of the first, and Lucian's gods of the second. It is a dispute among the critics, whether burlesque poetry runs best in heroic verse, like that of the *Dispensary*; or in doggerel, like that of *Hudibras*. I think where the low character is to be raised, the heroic is the proper measure; but when an hero is to be pulled down and degraded, it is done best in doggerel.

If *Hudibras* had been set out with as much wit and humour in heroic verse as he is in doggerel, he would have made a much more agreeable figure than he does; though the generality of his readers are so wonderfully pleased with the double rhymes, that I do not expect many will be of my opinion in this particular.

I shall conclude this essay upon laughter with observing that the metaphor of laughing, applied to fields and meadows when they are in flower, or to trees when they are in blossom, runs through all languages; which I have not observed of any other metaphor, excepting that of Fire and Burning when they are applied to Love. This shews that we naturally regard laughter, as what is in itself both amiable and beautiful. For this Reason likewise Venus has gained the Title of the Laughter-loving Dame, as Waller has translated

it, and is represented by Horace as the goddess who delights in laughter. Milton, in a joyous assembly of imaginary persons, has given us a very poetical figure of laughter. His whole band of mirth is so finely described that I shall set down the passage at length.

But come thou goddess fair and free,
In Heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek,
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides,
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light, fantastic toe :
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free.

THE HOOPED PETTICOAT

THE court being prepared for proceeding on the cause of the petticoat, I gave orders to bring in a criminal who was taken up as she went out of the puppet-show about three nights ago, and was now standing in the street with a great concourse of people about her. Word was brought me that she had endeavoured twice or thrice to come in, but could not do it by reason of her petticoat, which was too large for the entrance of my house, though I had ordered both the folding-doors to be thrown open for its reception. Upon this, I desired the jury of matrons, who stood at my right hand, to inform themselves of her condition, and know whether there were any private reasons why she might not make her appearance separate from her petticoat. This was managed with great discretion, and had such an effect, that upon the return of the verdict from the bench of matrons I issued out an order forthwith, that the criminal should be stripped of her encumbrances till she became little enough to enter my house. I had before given directions for an engine of several legs, that could contract or open itself like the top of an umbrella, in order to place the petticoat upon it, by which means I might take a leisurely survey of it, as it should appear in its proper dimensions. This was all done accordingly; and forthwith, upon the closing of the engine, the petticoat was brought into court. I then directed the machine to be set upon the table, and dilated in such a manner as to show the garment in its utmost circumference; but my great hall was too narrow for the experiment; for before it was half unfolded, it described so

immoderate a circle that the lower part of it brushed upon my face as I sat in my chair of judicature. I then inquired for the person that belonged to the petticoat; and, to my great surprise, was directed to a very beautiful young damsel, with so pretty a face and shape that I bid her come out of the crowd, and seated her upon a little crock at my left hand. "My pretty maid," said I, "do you own yourself to have been the inhabitant of the garment before us?" The girl I found had good sense, and told me with a smile, that notwithstanding it was her own petticoat, she should be very glad to see an example made of it; and that she wore it for no other reason, but that she had a mind to look as big and burly as other persons of her quality; that she had kept out of it as long as she could, and till she began to appear little in the eyes of her acquaintance; that if she laid it aside, people would think she was not made like other women. I always give great allowances to the fair sex upon account of the fashion, and therefore was not displeased with the defence of my pretty criminal. I then ordered the vest which stood before us to be drawn up by a pully to the top of my great hall, and afterwards to be spread open by the engine it was placed upon, in such a manner that it formed a very splendid and ample canopy over our heads, and covered the whole court of judicature with a kind of silken rotunda, in its form not unlike the cupola of St. Paul's. I entered upon the whole cause with great satisfaction, as I sat under the shadow of it.

The counsel for the petticoat was now called in, and ordered to produce what thay had to say against the popular

cry which was rasied against it. They answered the objections with great strength and solidity of argument, and expatiated in very florid harangues, which they did not fail to set off and furbelow (if I may be allowed the metaphor) with many periodical sentences and turns of oratory. The chief arguments for their client were taken, first, from the great benefit that might arise to our woollen manufactory from this invention, which was calculated as follows: the common petticoat has not above four yards in the circumference, whereas this over our heads had more in the semi-diameter; so that by allowing it twenty-four yards in the circumference, the five millions of woollen petticoats, which, according to Sir William Petty (supposing what ought to be supposed in a well-governed state, that all petticoats are made of that stuff), would amount to thirty millions of those of the ancient mode. A prodigious improvement of the woollen trade! and what could not fail to sink the power of France in a few years.

To introduce the second argument, they begged leave to read a petition of the rope-makers, wherein it was represented that the demand for cords, and the price of them, were much risen since this fashion came up. At this, all the company who were present lifted up their eyes into the vault; and I must confess, we did discover many traces of cordage which were interwoven in the stiffening of the drapery.

A third argument was founded upon a petition of the Greenland trade, which likewise represented the great consumption of whalebone which would be occasioned by the

present fashion, and the benefit which would thereby accrue to that branch of the British trade.

To conclude, they gently touched upon the weight and unwieldiness of the garment, which they insinuated might be of great use to preserve the honour of families.

These arguments would have wrought very much upon me, as I then told the company in a long and elaborate discourse, had I not considered the great and additional expense which such fashions would bring upon fathers and husbands; and therefore by no means to be thought of till some years after a peace. I further urged, that it would be a prejudice to the ladies themselves, who could never expect to have any money in the pocket, if they laid out so much on the petticoat. To this I added, the great temptation it might give to virgins, of acting in security like married women, and by that means give a check to matrimony, an institution always encouraged by wise societies.

At the same time, in answer to the several petitions produced on that side, I showed one subscribed by the women of several persons of quality, humbly setting forth that since the introduction of this mode their respective ladies had, instead of bestowing on them their cast gowns, cut them into shreds, and mixed them with the cordage and buckram, to complete the stiffening of their under-petticoats. For which, and sundry other reasons, I pronounced the petticoat a forfeiture; but to show that I did not make that judgment for the sake of filthy lucre, I ordered it to be folded up, and sent it as a present to a widow gentlewoman who has five daughters, desiring she would

make each of them a petticoat out of it, and send me back the remainder, which I design to cut into stomachers, caps, facings of my waistcoat sleeves, and other garnitures suitable to my age and quality.

I would not be understood that, while I discard this monstrous invention, I am an enemy to the proper ornaments of the fair sex. On the contrary, as the hand of nature has poured on them such a profusion of charms and graces, and sent them into the world more amiable and finished than the rest of her works; so I would have them bestow upon themselves all the additional beauties that art can supply them with, provided it does not interfere with, disguise, or pervert those of nature.

I consider woman as a beautiful romantic animal, that may be adorned with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores and silks. The lynx shall cast its skin at her feet to make her a tippet; the peacock, parrot, and swan shall pay contributions to her muff; the sea shall be searched for shells, and the rocks for gems; and every part of nature furnish out its share towards the embellishment of a creature that is the most consummate work of it. All this I shall indulge them in; but as for the petticoat I have been speaking of, I neither can nor will allow it.

PASTIMES

We all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. "Our lives," says he, "are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do: we are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them." That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar to his writings.

I often consider mankind as wholly in consistent with itself in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad in

most parts of our lives that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands, nay, we wish away whole years; and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not however include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up of their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow.

The first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptation of the word. That particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man in business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring

great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most unactive: he no sooner steps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which everywhere surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions to the great supporter of its existence.

I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if we consider further that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage? But because the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short?

The stage might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the

enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolution, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavour after a more general conversation with such as are able to entertain and improve those with whom they converse, which are qualifications that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful amusements of life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all occasions have recourse to something rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

A man that has a taste of music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense, when compared with such as have no relish of those arts. The florist, the planter, the gardener, the husbandman, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

But of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces as the reading of useful and entertaining authors. But this I shall only touch upon, because it in some measure interferes with the third method, which I shall propose in another paper, for the employment of our dead unactive hours, and which I shall only mention in general to be the pursuit of knowledge.

PARTY RANCOUR

My worthy friend Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a schoolboy, which was at a time when the feuds ran high between the Roundheads and Cavaliers. This worthy knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane, upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young popish cur, and asked him who had made Anne a saint? The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the way to Anne's Lane; but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shown the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. Upon this, says Sir Roger, I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane of the neighbourhood, asked what they called the name of that lane. By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflections on the mischief that parties do in the country; how they spoil good neigbourhood, and make honest gentlemen hate one another; besides that they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the land-tax, and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater

strangers and more averse to one another, than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings ; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party-spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed ; and when it is under its greatest restraints, naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancour, and extinguishes all the seeds of good nature, compassion, and humanity.

Plutarch says very finely, that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies, because, says he, "if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind, as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you." I might here observe how admirably this precept of morality (which derives the malignity of hatred from the passion itself, and not from its object) answers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about an hundred years before this philosopher wrote ; but instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us

appear soured with party principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner, as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the dictates either of reason or religion. Zeal for a public cause is apt to breed passions in the hearts of virtuous persons, to which the regard of their own private interest would never have betrayed them.

If this party-spirit has so ill an effect on our morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our judgments. We often hear a poor insipid paper or pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble piece depreciated, by those who are of a different principle from the author. One who is actuated by this spirit is almost under an incapacity of discerning either real blemishes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle is like an object seen in two different mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however straight and entire it may be in itself. For this reason there is scarce a person of any figure in England who does not go by two contrary characters, as opposite to one another as light and darkness. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned societies by their parts and acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties. Books are valued upon the like considerations: an abusive scurrilous style passes for satire, and a dull scheme of party notions is called fine writing.

There is one piece of sophistry practised by both sides, and that is the taking any scandalous story that has been ever whispered or invented of a private man, for a known undoubted truth, and raising suitable speculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary postulatums of these infamous scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foundations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and reproach will cease to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments when this inhuman spirit prevails. Italy was long torn in pieces by the Guelphs and Ghibellines, and France by those who were for and against the League : but it is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season. It is the restless ambition of artful men that thus breaks a people into factions, and draws several well-meaning persons to their interest by a specious concern for their country. How many honest minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions, out of their zeal for the public good? What cruelties and outrages would they not commit against men of an adverse party, whom they would honour and esteem, if instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are ? Thus are persons

of the greatest probity seduced into shameful errors and prejudices, and made bad men even by that noblest of principles, the love of their country. I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous Spanish proverb, *If there were neither fools nor knaves in the world, all people would be of one mind.*

For my own part, I could heartily wish that all honest men would enter into an association, for the support of one another against the endeavours of those whom they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to. Were there such an honest body of neutral forces, we should never see the worst of men in great figures of life, because they are useful to a party; nor the best unregarded, because they are above practising those methods which would be grateful to their faction. We should then single every criminal out of the herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and over grown he might appear : on the contrary, we should shelter distressed innocence, and defend virtue, however beset with contempt or ridicule, envy or defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our fellow-subjects as Whigs or Tories, but should make the man of merit our friend, and the villain our enemy.

RICHARD STEELE

CHILDHOOD

There are those among mankind, who can enjoy no relish of their being, except the world is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think every thing lost that passes unobserved; but others find a solid delight in stealing by the crowd, and modelling their life after such a manner, as is as much above the approbation as the practice of the vulgar. Life being too short to give instances great enough of true friendship or good will, some sages have thought it pious to preserve a certain reverence for the names of their deceased friends; and have withdrawn themselves from the rest of the world at certain seasons, to commemorate in their own thoughts such of their acquaintance who have gone before them out of this life. And indeed, when we are advanced in years, there is not a more pleasing entertainment, than to recollect in a gloomy moment the many we have parted with, that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to cast a melancholy thought or two after those, with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourselves in whole nights of mirth and jollity. With such inclinations in my heart I went to my closet yesterday in the evening, and resolved to be sorrowful; upon which occasion I could not but look with disdain upon myself, that though all the reasons which I had to lament the loss of many of my friends are now as forcible as at the moment of their departure,

yet did not my heart swell with the same sorrow which I felt at the time; but I could, without tears, reflect upon many pleasing adventures I have had with some, who have long been blended with common earth. Though it is by the benefit of nature, that length of time thus blots out the violence of afflictions; yet, with tempers too much given to pleasure, it is almost necessary to revive the old places of grief in our memory; and ponder step by step on past life, to lead the mind into that sobriety of thought which poises the heart, and makes it beat with due time, without being quickened with desire, or retarded with despair, from its proper and equal motion. When we wind up a clock that is out of order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately set the hand to the present instant, but we make it strike the round of all its hours, before it can recover the regularity of its time. Such, thought I, shall be my method this evening; and since it is that day of the year which I dedicate to the memory of such in another life as I much delighted in when living, an hour or two shall be sacred to sorrow and their memory, while I run over all the melancholy circumstances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole life.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat

weeping alone by it. I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a-beating the coffin, and calling Papa; for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces; and told me in a flood of tears, Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again. She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since. The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo; and receives impressions so forcible, that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application. Hence it is, that good nature in me is no merit; but having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since insnared me into ten thousand calamities; and from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that, in such a humour as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softnesses of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

We, that are very old, are better able to remember things which befell us in our distant youth, than the passages of later days. For this reason it is, that the companions of my strong and vigorous years present themselves more immediately to me in this office of sorrow. Untimely and unhappy deaths are what we are most apt to lament; so little are we able to make it indifferent when a thing happens, though we know it must happen. Thus we groan under life, and bewail those who are relieved from it. Every object that returns to our imagination raises different passions, according to the circumstance of their departure. Who can have lived in an army, and in a serious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flourished in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherless and widows on the tyrant to whose ambition they fell sacrifices? But gallant men, who are cut off by the sword, move rather our veneration than our pity; and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death, to make that no evil, which was approached with so much cheerfulness, and attended with so much honour. But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on such occasions, and instead of lamenting those who stood ready to give death to those from whom they had the fortune to receive it; I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects, and consider the havoc which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed softness, and possesses all our souls at once.

Here (were there words to express such sentiments with proper tenderness) I should record the beauty, innocence, and untimely death, of the first object my eyes ever beheld with love. The beauteous virgin! how ignorantly did she charm, how carelessly excel? Oh death! thou hast right to the bold, to the ambitious, to the high, and to the haughty; but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless? Nor age, nor business, nor distress, can erase the dear image from my imagination. In the same week I saw her dressed for a ball, and in a shroud. How ill did the habit of death become the pretty trifler? I still behold the smiling earth— A large train of disasters were coming on to my memory, when my servant knocked at my closet-door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the same sort with that which is to be put to sale on Thursday next, at Garraway's coffee-house. Upon the receipt of it, I sent for three of my friends. We are so intimate, that we can be company in whatever state of mind we meet, and can entertain each other without expecting always to rejoice. The wine we found to be generous and warming, but with such a heat as moved us rather to be cheerful than frolicsome. It revived the spirits, without firing the blood. We commended it until two of the clock this morning; and having to-day met a little before dinner, we found, that though we drank two bottles a man, we had much more reason to recollect than forget what had passed the night before.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

FEMALE WARRIORS

I HAVE spent the greater part of my life in making observations on men and things, and in projecting schemes for the advantage of my country; and though my labours have met with an ungrateful return, I will still persist in my endeavours for its service, like that venerable, unshaken, and neglected patriot, Mr. Jacob Henriquez, who, though of the Hebrew nation, hath exhibited a shining example of Christian fortitude and perseverance. And here my conscience urges me to confess, that the hint upon which the following proposals are built was taken from an advertisement of the said patriot Henriquez, in which he gave the public to understand, that Heaven had indulged him with "seven blessed daughters." Blessed they are, no doubt, on account of their own and their father's virtues; but more lessed may they be, if the scheme I offer should be adopted by the legislature.

The proportion which the number of females born in these kingdoms bears to the male children is, I think, supposed to be as thirteen to fourteen; but as women are not so subject as the other sex to accidents and intemperance, in numbering adults we shall find the balance on the female side. If, in calculating the numbers of the people, we take in the multitudes that emigrate to the plantations, whence they never return; those that die at

sea, and make their exit at Tyburn; together with the consumption of the present war, by sea and land, in the Atlantic, Mediterranean, in the German and Indian Oceans, in Old France, New France, North America, the Leeward Islands, Germany, Africa, and Asia, we may fairly state the loss of men during the war at one hundred thousand. If this be the case, there must be a superplus of the other sex, amounting to the same number, and this superplus will consist of women able to bear arms; as I take it for granted, that all those who are fit to bear children are likewise fit to bear arms. Now, as we have seen the nation governed by old women, I hope to make it appear, that it may be defended by young women: and surely this scheme will not be rejected as unnecessary at such a juncture (1762), when our armies, in the four quarters of the globe, are in want of recruits; when we find ourselves entangled in a new war with Spain, on the eve of a rupture in Italy, and, indeed, in a fair way of being obliged to make head against all the great potentates of Europe.

But, before I unfold my design, it may be necessary to obviate, from experience, as well as argument, the objections which may be made to the delicate frame and tender disposition of the female sex, rendering them incapable of the toils, and insuperably averse to the horrors, of war. All the world has heard of the nation of Amazons, who inhabited the banks of the river Thermodon in Cappadocia, who expelled their men

by force of arms, defended themselves by their own prowess, managed the reins of government, prosecuted the operations in war, and held the other sex in the utmost contempt. We are informed by Homer that Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, acted as auxiliary to Priam, and fell, valiantly fighting in his cause, before the walls of Troy. Quintus Curtius tells us, that Thalestris brought one hundred armed Amazons in a present to Alexander the Great. Diodorus Siculus expressly says there was a nation of female warriors in Africa, who fought against the Libyan Hercules. We read in the voyages of Columbus, that one of the Caribbee Islands was possessed by a tribe of female warriors, who kept all the neighbouring Indians in awe. But we need not go farther than our own age and country to prove, that the spirit and constitution of the fair sex are equal to the dangers and fatigues of war. Every novice who has read the authentic and important History of the Pirates is well acquainted with the exploits of two heroines, called Mary Read and Anne Bonny. I myself have had the honour to drink with Anne Cassier, alias Mother Wade, who had distinguished herself among the Buccaneers of America, and in her old age kept a punch-house, in Port-Royal of Jamaica. I have likewise conversed with Moll Davis, who had served as a dragoon in all Queen Anne's wars, and was admitted on the pension of Chelsea. The late war with Spain, and even the present, hath produced instances of females enlisting both in the land and sea

service, and behaving with remarkable bravery in the disguise of the other sex. And who has not heard of the celebrated Jenny Cameron, and some other enterprising ladies of North Britain, who attended a certain Adventurer in all his expeditions, and headed their respective clans in a military character? That strength of body is often equal to the courage of mind implanted in the fair sex will not be denied by those who have seen the waterwomen of Plymouth; the female drudges of Ireland, Wales, and Scotland; the fishwomen of Billingsgate; the weeders, podders, and hoppers who swarm in the fields; and the bunters who swagger in the streets of London; not to mention the indefatigable trulls who follow the camp, and keep up with the line of march, though loaded with bantlings and other baggage.

There is scarcely a street in this metropolis without one or more viragos, who discipline their husbands and domineer over the whole neighbourhood. Many months are not elapsed since I was witness to a pitched battle between two athletic females, who fought with equal skill and fury until one of them gave out, after having sustained seven falls on the hard stones. They were both stripped to the under petticoat; their breasts were carefully swathed with handkerchiefs; and as no vestiges of features were to be seen in either when I came up, I imagined the combatants were of the other sex, until a bystander assured me of the contrary. When I see the avenues of the Strand

beset every night with troops of fierce Amazons, who, with dreadful imprecations, stop, and beat, and plunder passengers, I cannot help wishing that such martial talents were converted to the benefit of the public; and that those who were so loaded with temporal fire, and so little afraid of eternal fire, should, instead of ruining the souls and bodies of their fellow-citizens, be put in a way of turning their destructive qualities against the enemies of the nation.

Having thus demonstrated that the fair sex are not deficient in strength and resolution, I would humbly propose, that as there is an excess on their side in quantity to the amount of one hundred thousand, part of that number may be employed in recruiting the army, as well as in raising thirty new Amazonian regiments, to be commanded by females, and serve in regimentals adapted to their sex. As the sex love gaiety, they may be clothed in vests of pink satin, and open drawers of the same, with buskins on their feet and legs, their hair tied behind, and floating on their shoulders, and their hats adorned with white feathers: they may be armed with light carbines and long bayonets, without the encumbrance of swords or shoulder-belts. I make no doubt but many young ladies of figure and fashion will undertake to raise companies at their own expense, provided they like their colonels; but I must insist upon it, if this scheme should be embraced, that Mr. Henriquez's seven blessed daughters may be provided with commissions, as the project is in some measure

owing to the hints of that venerable patriot. I, moreover, give it as my opinion, that Mrs. Kitty Fisher shall have the command of a battalion, and the nomination of her own officers, provided she will warrant them all sound, and be content to wear proper badges of distinction.

A female brigade, properly disciplined and accoutred, would not, I am persuaded, be afraid to charge a numerous body of the enemy, over whom they would have a manifest advantage; for if the barbarous Scythians were ashamed to fight with the Amazons who invaded them, surely the French, who pique themselves on their sensibility and devotion to the fair sex, would not act upon the offensive against a band of female warriors, arrayed in all the charms of youth and beauty.

ON EDUCATION

As few subjects are more interesting to society, so few have been more frequently written upon, than the education of youth. Yet is it not a little surprising, that it should have been treated almost by all in a declamatory manner? They have insisted largely on the advantages that result from it, both to the individual and to society, and have expatiated in the praise of what no one has ever been so hardy as to call in question.

Instead of giving us fine but empty harangues upon this subject, instead of indulging each his particular and whimsical system, it had been much better if the writers

on this subject had treated it in a more scientific manner, repressed all the sallies of imagination, and given us the result of their observations with didactic simplicity. Upon this subiect the smallest errors are of the most dangerous consequence; and the author should venture the imputation of stupidity upon a topic, where his slightest deviations may tend to injure the rising generation.

I shall, therefore, throw out a few thoughts upon this subject, which have not been attended to by others, and shall dismiss all attempts to please, while I study only instruction.

The manner in which our youth of London are at present educated is, some in free schools in the city, but the far greater number in boarding schools about town. The parent justly consults the health of his child, and finds that an education in the country tends to promote this much more than a continuance in the town. Thus far they are right: if there were a possibility of having even our free schools kept a little out of town, it would certainly conduce to the health and vigour of perhaps the mind as well as of the body. It may be thought whimsical, but it is truth,—I have found by experience, that they who have spent all their lives in cities contract not only an effeminacy of habit, but even of thinking.

But when I have said that the boarding schools are preferable to free schools, as being in the country, this is certainly the only advantage I can allow them;

otherwise it is impossible to conceive the ignorance of those who take upon them the important trust of education. Is any man unfit for any of the professions? he finds his last resource in setting up school. Do any become bankrupts in trade? they still set up a boarding school, and drive a trade this way, when all others fail: nay, I have been told of butchers and barbers who have turned schoolmasters; and, more surprising still, made fortunes in their new professions.

Could we think ourselves in a country of civilized people—could it be conceived that we have any regard for posterity—when such are permitted to take the charge of the morals, genius, and health of those dear little pledges, who may one day be the guardians of the liberties of Europe, and who may serve as the honour and bulwark of their aged parents? The care of our children, is it below the state? is it fit to indulge the caprice of the ignorant with the disposal of their children in this particular? For the state to take the charge of all its children, as in Persia or Sparta, might at present be inconvenient; but surely with great ease it might cast an eye to their instructors. Of all members of society, I do not know a more useful or a more honourable one than a schoolmaster; at the same time that I do not see any more generally despised, or whose talents are so ill rewarded.

Were the salaries of schoolmasters to be augmented from a diminution of useless sinecures, how might it turn to the advantage of this people—a people whom,

without flattery, I may in other respects term the wisest and greatest upon earth! But, while I would reward the deserving, I would dismiss those utterly unqualified for their employment: in short, I would make the business of a schoolmaster every way more respectable, by increasing their salaries, and admitting only men of proper abilities.

There are already schoolmasters appointed, and they have some small salaries; but where at present there is but one schoolmaster appointed, there should at least be two; and wherever the salary is at present twenty pounds, it should be an hundred. Do we give immoderate benefices to those who instruct ourselves, and shall we deny even subsistence to those who instruct our children? Every member of society should be paid in proportion as he is necessary: and I will be bold enough to say, that schoolmasters in a state are more necessary than clergymen, as children stand in more need of instruction than their parents.

But instead of this, as I have already observed, we send them to board in the country to the most ignorant set of men that can be imagined. But lest the ignorance of the master be not sufficient, the child is generally consigned to the usher. This is generally some poor needy animal, little superior to a footman either in learning or spirit, invited to his place by an advertisement, and kept there merely from his being of a complying disposition, and making the children fond of him. "You give your child to be educated to

a slave," says a philosopher to a rich man: "instead of one slave, you will then have two."

It were well, however, if parents, upon fixing their children in one of these houses, would examine the abilities of the usher as well as of the master; for, whatever they are told to the contrary, the usher is generally the person most employed in their education. If, then, a gentleman upon putting out his son to one of these houses, sees the usher disregarded by the master, he may depend upon it, that he is equally disregarded by the boys; the truth is, in spite of all their endeavours to please, they are generally the laughing stock of the school. Every trick is played upon the usher; the oddity of his manners, his dress, or his language, is a fund of eternal ridicule; the master himself now and then cannot avoid joining in the laugh, and the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill usage, seems to live in a state of war with all the family. This is a very proper person, is it not, to give children a relish for learning? They must esteem learning very much when they see its professors used with such ceremony. If the usher be despised, the father may be assured his child will never be properly instructed.

But let me suppose that there are some schools without these inconveniences,—where the master and ushers are men of learning, reputation, and assiduity. If there are to be found such, they cannot be prized in a state sufficiently. A boy will learn more true wisdom in a public school in a year, than by private education

in five. It is not from masters, but from their equals, youth learn a knowledge of the world: the little tricks they play each other, the punishment that frequently attends the commission, is a just picture of the great world, and all the ways of men are practised in a public school in miniature. It is true a child is early made acquainted with some vices in a school; but it is better to know these when a boy, than be first taught them when a man, for their novelty then may have irresistible charms.

In a public education boys early learn temperance; and if the parents and friends would give them less money upon their usual visits, it would be much to their advantage, since it may jusly be said, that a great part of their disorders arise from surfeit. And now I am come to the article of health, it may not be amiss to observe, that Mr. Locke and some others have advised, that children should be inured to cold, to fatigue, and hardship, from their youth; but Mr. Locke was but an indifferent physician. Habit, I grant, has great influence over our constitutions; but we have not precise ideas upon this subject.

We know that among savages, and even among our peasants, there are found children born with such constitutions, that they cross rivers by swimming, endure cold, thirst, hunger, and want of sleep, to a surprising degree; that when they happen to fall sick, they are cured, without the help of medicine, by nature alone. Such examples are adduced, to persuade us to imitate

their manner of education, and accustom ourselves betimes to support the same fatigues. But had these gentlemen considered, first, that those savages and peasants are generally not so long lived as they who have led a more indolent life; secondly, that the more laborious the life is, the less populous is the country: had they considered that what physicians call the *stamina vitiæ* by fatigue and labour become rigid, and thus anticipate old age; that the number who survive those rude trials bears no proportion to those who die in the experiment: had these things been properly considered, they would not have thus extolled an education begun in fatigue and hardships. Peter the Great, willing to inure the children of his seamen to a life of hardship, ordered that they should drink only sea-water; but they unfortunately all died under the experiment.

But while I would exclude all unnecessary labours, yet still I would recommend temperance in the highest degree. No luxurious dishes with high seasoning, nothing given children to force an appetite, as little sugared or salted provisions as possible, though never so pleasing; but milk, morning and night, should be their constant food. This diet would make them more healthy than any of those slops that are usually cooked by the mistress of a boarding school; besides, it corrects any consumptive habits, not unfrequently found amongst the children of city parents.

As boys should be educated with temperance, so the first, greatest lesson that should be taught them

is, to admire frugality. It is by the exercise of this virtue alone they can ever expect to be useful members of society. It is true lectures continually repeated upon this subject may make some boys, when they grow up, run into an extreme, and become misers; but it were well had we more misers than we have among us. I know few characters more useful in society; for a man's having a larger or smaller share of money lying useless by him no way injures the commonwealth: since, should every miser now exhaust his stores, this might make gold more plenty, but it would not increase the commodities or pleasures of life; they would still remain as they are at present: it matters not, therefore, whether men are misers or not, if they be only frugal, laborious, and fill the station they have chosen. If they deny themselves the necessaries of life, society is no way injured by their folly.

Instead, therefore, of romances, which praise young men of spirit, who go through a variety of adventures, and, at last, conclude a life of dissipation, folly, and extravagance, in riches and matrimony, there should be some men of wit employed to compose books that might equally interest the passions of our youth; where such an one might be praised for having resisted allurements when young, and how he, at last, became lord mayor—how he was married to a lady of great sense, fortune, and beauty: to be as explicit as possible, the old story of Whittington, were his cat left out,

might be more serviceable to the tender mind than either Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, or an hundred others, where frugality is the only good quality the hero is not possessed of. Were our schoolmasters, if any of them had sense enough to draw up such a work, thus employed, it would be much more serviceable to their pupils than all the grammars and dictionaries they may publish these ten years.

Children should early be instructed in the arts from which they would afterwards draw the greatest advantages. When the wonders of nature are never exposed to our view, we have no great desire to become acquainted with those parts of learning which pretend to account for the phenomena. One of the ancients complains, that as soon as young men have left school, and are obliged to converse in the world, they fancy themselves transported into a new region. We should early, therefore, instruct them in the experiments, if I may so express it, of knowledge, and leave to maturer age the accounting for the causes. But instead of that, when boys begin natural philosophy in colleges, they have not the least curiosity for those parts of the science which are proposed for their instruction; they have never before seen the phenomena, and consequently have no curiosity to learn the reasons. Might natural philosophy, therefore, be made their pastime in school, by this means it would in college become their amusement.

In several of the machines now in use there would be ample field both for instruction and amusement: the

different sorts of the phosphorus, the artificial pyrites, magnetism, electricity, the experiments upon the rarefaction and weight of the air, and those upon elastic bodies, might employ their idle hours, and none should be called from play to see such experiments but such as thought proper. At first, then, it would be sufficient if the instruments, and the effects of their combination, were only shown; the causes should be deferred to a maturer age, or to those times when natural curiosity prompts us to discover the wonders of nature. Man is placed in this world as a spectator; when he is tired with wondering at all the novelties about him, and not till then, does he desire to be made acquainted with the causes that create those wonders.

What I have observ d with regard to natural philosophy, I would extend to every other science whatsoever. We should teach them as many of the facts as were possible, and defer the causes until they seemed of themselves desirous of knowing them. A mind thus leaving school stored with all the simple experiences of science, would be the fittest in the world for the college course; and though such a youth might not appear so bright, or so talkative, as those who had learned the real principles and causes of some of the sciences, yet he would make a wiser man, and would retain a more lasting passion for letters, than he who was early burdened with the disagreeable institution of effect and cause.

In history, such stories alone should be laid before them as might catch the imagination: instead of this, they

are too frequently obliged to toil through the four empires, as they are called, where their memories are burdened by a number of disgusting names, that destroy all their future relish for our best historians, who may be termed the truest teachers of wisdom.

Every species of flattery should be carefully avoided : a boy who happens to say a sprightly thing is generally applauded so much, that he happens to continue a coxcomb sometimes all his life after. He is reputed a wit at fourteen, and becomes a blockhead at twenty. Nurses, footmen, and such, should therefore be driven away as much as possible. I was even going to add, that the mother herself should stifle her pleasure or her vanity, when little master happens to say a good or smart thing. Those modest lubberly boys who seem to want spirit generally go through their business with more ease to themselves and more satisfaction to their instructors.

There has of late a gentleman appeared, who thinks the study of rhetoric essential to a perfect education. That bold made eloquence, which often without pleasing convinces, is generally destroyed by such institutions. Convincing eloquence, however, is infinitely more serviceable to its possessor than the most florid harangue or the most pathetic tones that can be imagined; and the man who is thoroughly convinced himself, who understands his subject and the language he speaks in, will be more apt to silence opposition, than he who studies the force of his periods, and fills

our ears with sounds, while our minds are destitute of conviction.

It was reckoned the fault of the orators at the decline of the Roman empire, when they had been long instructed by rhetoricians, that their periods were so harmonious, as that they could be sung as well as spoken. What a ridiculous figure must one of these gentlemen cut, thus measuring syllables, and weighing words, when he should plead the cause of his client! Two architects were once candidates for the building a certain temple at Athens: the first harangued the crowd very learnedly upon the different orders of architecture, and showed them in what manner the temple should be built; the other, who got up to speak after him, only observed, that what his brother had spoken he could do; and thus he at once gained his cause.

To teach men to be orators, is little less than to teach them to be poets; and for my part, I should have too great a regard for my child, to wish him a manor only in a bookseller's shop.

Another passion which the present age is apt to run into is to make children learn all things,—the languages, the sciences, music, the exercises, and painting. Thus the child soon becomes a *talker* in all, but a *master* in none. He thus acquires a superficial fondness for everything, and only shows his ignorance when he attempts to exhibit his skill.

As I deliver my thoughts without method or connexion, so the reader must not be surprised to find me once more

addressing schoolmasters on the present method of teaching the learned languages, which is commonly by literal translations. I would ask such, if they were to travel a journey, whether those parts of the road in which they found the greatest difficulties would not be most strongly remembered? Boys who, if I may continue the allusion, gallop through one of the ancients with the assistance of a translation can have but a very slight acquaintance either with the author or his language. It is by the exercise of the mind alone that a language is learned; but a literal translation, on the opposite page, leaves no exercise for the memory at all. The boy will not be at the fatigue of remembering, when his doubts are at once satisfied by a glance of the eye; whereas, were every word to be sought from a dictionary, the learner would attempt to remember, in order to save him the trouble of looking out for it for the future.

To continue in the same pedantic strain, though no schoolmaster, of all the various grammars now taught in schools about town I would recommend only the old common one; I have forgot whether Lilly's, or an emendation of him. The others may be improvements; but such improvements seem to me only mere grammatical niceties, no way influencing the learner, but perhaps loading him with trifling subtleties, which at a proper age he must be at some pains to forget.

Whatever pains a master may take to make the learning of the languages agreeable to his pupil, he may

depend upon it, it will be at first extremely unpleasant. The rudiments of every language, therefore, must be given as a task, not as an amusement. Attempting to deceive children into instruction of this kind is only deceiving ourselves; and I know no passion capable of conquering a child's natural laziness but fear. Solomon has said it before me ; nor is there any more certain, though perhaps more disagreeable truth, than the proverb in verse, too well known to repeat on the present occasion. It is very probable that parents are told of some masters who never use the rod, and consequently are thought the properest instructors for their children; but though tenderness is a requisite quality in an instructor, yet there is too often the truest tenderness in well-timed correction.

Some have justly observed, that all passion should be banished on this terrible occasion; but, I know not how, there is a frailty attending human nature, that few masters are able to keep their temper whilst they correct. I knew a good-natured man, who was sensible of his own weakness in this respect, and consequently had recourse to the following expedient to prevent his passions from being engaged, yet at the same time administer justice with impartiality:—Whenever any of his pupils committed a fault, he summoned a jury of his peers,—I mean of the boys of his own or the next classes to him; his accusers stood forth; he had a liberty of pleading in his own defence, and one or two more had a liberty of pleading against him: when found guilty by the panel, he was

consigned to the footman who attended in the house, who had previous orders to punish, but with lenity. By this means the master took off the odium of punishment from himself; and the footman, between whom and the boys there could not be even the slightest intimacy, was placed in such a light as to be shunned by every boy in the school.

And now I have gone thus far, perhaps you will think me some pedagogue, willing, by a well-timed puff, to increase the reputation of his own school; but such is not the case. The regard I have for society, for those tender minds who are the objects of the present essay, is the only motive I have for offering those thoughts, calculated not to surprise by their novelty or the elegance of composition, but merely to remedy some defects which have crept into the present system of school education. If this letter should be inserted, perhaps I may trouble you in my next with some thoughts upon a university education, not with an intent to exhaust the subject, but to amend some few abuses.

CHARLES LAMB

WITCHES, AND OTHER NIGHT FEARS

We are too hasty when we set down our ancestors in the gross for fools, for the monstrous inconsistencies (as they seem to us) involved in their Creed of Witchcraft. In the relations of this visible world we find them to have been as rational and shrewd to detect an historic anomaly as ourselves. [But when once the invisible world was supposed to be opened, and the lawless agency of bad spirits assumed, what measures of probability, of decency, of fitness, or proportion—of that which distinguishes the likely from the palpable absurd—could they have to guide them in the rejection or admission of any particular testimony ?]—That maidens pined away, wasting inwardly as their waxen images consumed before a fire—that corn was lodged, and cattle lamed—that whirlwinds uptore in diabolic revelry the oaks of the forest—or that spits and kettles only danced a fearful innocent vagary about some rustic's kitchen when no wind was stirring—were all equally probable where no law of agency was understood. That the Prince of the Powers of Darkness, passing by the flower and pomp of the earth, should lay preposterous siege to the weak fantasy of indigent eld—has neither likelihood nor unlikelihood *a priori* to us, who have no measure to guess at his policy, or standard to estimate what rate those anile souls may fetch in the Devil's market. Nor, when the wicked are expressly symbolized by a goat, was it

to be wondered at so much, that *he* should come sometimes in that body, and assert his metaphor. That the intercourse was opened at all between both worlds was perhaps the mistake; but that once assumed, I see no reason for disbelieving one attested story of this nature more than another on the score of absurdity. There is no law to judge of the lawless, or canon by which a dream may be criticized.

I have sometimes thought that I could not have existed in the days of received witchcraft; that I could not have slept in a village where one of those reputed hags dwelt. Our ancestors were bolder, or more obtuse. Amidst the universal belief that these wretches were in league with the Author of all Evil, holding hell tributary to their muttering, no simple Justice of the Peace seems to have scrupled issuing, or silly Headborough serving, a warrant upon them—as if they should subpoena Satan!—Prospero in his boat, with his books and wand about him, suffers himself to be conveyed away at the mercy of his enemies to an unknown island. He might have raised a storm or two, we think, on the passage. His acquiescence is in exact analogy to the non-resistance of witches to the constituted Powers. What stops the Fiend in Spenser from tearing Guyon to pieces—or who had made it a condition of his prey that Guyon must take assay of the glorious bait—we have no guess. We do not know the laws of that country.

From my childhood I was extremely inquisitive about witches and witch stories. My maid, and more legendary

aunt, supplied me with good store. But I shall mention the accident which directed my curiosity originally into this channel. In my father's book closet the History of the Bible, by Stackhouse, occupied a distinguished station. The pictures with which it abounds—one of the ark, in particular, and another of Solomon's Temple, delineated with all the fidelity of ocular admeasurement, as if the artist had been upon the spot—attracted my childish attention. There was a picture, too, of the Witch raising up Samuel, which I wish that I had never seen. We shall come to that hereafter. Stackhouse is in two huge tomes; and there was a pleasure in removing folios of that magnitude, which, with infinite straining, was as much as I could manage, from the situation which they occupied upon an upper shelf. I have not met with the work from that time to this; but I remember it consisted of Old Testament stories, orderly set down, with the *objection* appended to each story, and the *solution* of the objection regularly tacked to that. The *objection* was a summary of whatever difficulties had been opposed to the credibility of the history, by the shrewdness of ancient or modern infidelity, drawn up with an almost complimentary excess of candour. The *solution* was brief, modest, and satisfactory. The bane and antidote were both before you. To doubts so put, and so quashed, there seemed to be an end for ever. The Dragon lay dead, for the foot of the veriest babe to trample on. But—like as was rather feared than realized from that slain Monster in Spenser—from the womb of those crushed Errors young

Dragonets would creep, exceeding the prowess of so tender a Saint George as myself to vanquish. The habit of expecting objections to every passage set me upon starting more objections, for the glory of finding a solution of my own for them. I became staggered and perplexed, a sceptic in long coats. The pretty Bible stories which I had read, or heard read in church, lost their purity and sincerity of impression, and were turned into so many historic or chronologic theses to be defended against whatever impugners. I was not to disbelieve them, but—the next thing to that—I was to be quite sure that some one or other would or had disbelieved them. Next to making a child an infidel is the letting him know that there are infidels at all. Credulity is the man's weakness, but the child's strength. O, how ugly sound Scriptural doubts from the mouth of a babe and a suckling!—I should have lost myself in these mazes, and have pined away, I think, with such unfit sustenance as these husks afforded but for a fortunate piece of ill-fortune which about this time befell me. Turning over the picture of the Ark with too much haste, I unhappily made a breach in its ingenious fabric—driving my inconsiderate fingers right through the two larger quadrupeds—the Elephant and the Camel—that stare (as well they might) out of the two last windows next the steerage in that unique piece of naval architecture. Stackhouse was henceforth locked up, and became an interdicted treasure. With the book, the *objections* and *solutions* gradually cleared out of my head, and have seldom returned since in any force to trouble me. But

there was one impression which I had imbibed from Stackhouse which no lock or bar could shut out, and which was destined to try my childish nerves rather more seriously. That detestable picture !

I was dreadfully alive to nervous terrors. The night-time, solitude, and the dark, were my hell. The sufferings I endured in this nature would justify the expression. I never laid my head on my pillow, I suppose, from the fourth to the seventh or eighth year of my life—so far as memory serves in things so long ago—without an assurance, which realised its own prophecy, of seeing some frightful spectre. Be old Stackhouse then acquitted in part, if I say, that to his picture of the Witch raising up Samuel, (O that old man covered with a mantle !) I owe, not my midnight terrors, the hell of my infancy, but the shape and manner of their visitation. It was he who dressed up for me a hag that nightly sate upon my pillow —a sure bed-fellow, when my aunt or my maid was far from me. All day long, while the book was permitted me, I dreamed waking over his delineation, and at night (if I may use so bold an expression) awoke into sleep and found the vision true. I durst not, even in day light, once enter the chamber where I slept, without my face turned to the window, aversely from the bed where my witch ridden pillow was. Parents do not know what they do when they leave tender babes alone to go to sleep in the dark. The feeling about for a friendly arm, the hoping for a familiar voice, when they wake screaming, and find none to soothe them, what a terrible shaking it is to their poor

nerves! Keeping them up till midnight, through candle light and the unwholesome hours, as they are called,—would, I am satisfied, in a medical point of view, prove the better caution. That detestable picture, as I have said, gave the fashion to my dreams—if dreams they were—for the scene of them was invariably the room in which I lay. Had I never met with the picture, the fears would have come self-pictured in some shape or other—

Headless bear, black man or ape—

but, as it was, my imaginations took that form. It is not book, or picture, or the stories of foolish servants, which create these terrors in children. They can at most but give them a direction. Dear little T——H——, who of all children has been brought up with the most scrupulous exclusion of every taint of superstition—who was never allowed to hear of goblin or apparition, or scarcely to be told of bad men, or to read or hear of any distressing story—finds all this world of fear, from which he has been so rigidly excluded *ab extra*, in his own "thick-coming fancies;" and from his little midnight pillow, this nurse-child of optimism will start at shapes, unborrowed of tradition, in sweats to which the reveries of the cell-damned murderer are tranquillity.

Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire—stories of Celæno and the Harpies—may reproduce themselves in the brain of superstition; but they were there before. They are transcripts, types,—the archetypes are in us, and eternal. How else should the recital of that, which we know

in a waking sense to be false, come to affect us at all ?—or

——Names, whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not ?

Is it that we naturally conceive terror from such objects considered, in their capacity of being able to inflict upon us bodily injury ? O, least of all ! These terrors are of older standing. They date beyond body—or, without the body, they would have been the same. All the cruel, tormenting, defined devils in Dante—tearing, mangling, choking, stifling, scorching demons—are they one half so fearful to the spirit of a man as the simple idea of a spirit unembodied following him—

Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turn'd round, walks on
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

That the kind of fear here treated of is purely spiritual—that it is strong in proportion as it is objectless upon earth—that it predominates in the period of sinless infancy—are difficulties, the solution of which might afford some probable insight into our antemundane condition, and a peep at least into the shadowland of pre-existence.

My night fancies have long ceased to be afflictive. I confess an occasional nightmare ; but I do not, as in early youth, keep a stud of them. Fiendish faces, with the extinguished taper, will come and look at me ; but I know them for mockeries, even while I cannot elude their pre-

sence, and I fight and grapple with them. For the credit of my imagination, I am almost ashamed to say how tame and prosaic my dreams are grown. They are never romantic, seldom even rural. They are of architecture and of buildings—cities abroad, which I have never seen and hardly have hope to see. I have traversed, for the seeming length of a natural day, Rome, Amsterdam, Paris, Lisbon—their churches, palaces, squares, market-places, shops, suburbs, ruins, with an inexpressible sense of delight—a map-like distinctness of trace—and a day-light vividness of vision that was all but being awake. I have formerly travelled among the Westmoreland fells—my highest Alps—but they were objects too mighty for the grasp of my dreaming recognition ; and I have again and again awoke with ineffectual struggles of the "inner eye," to make out a shape in any way whatever of Helvellyn. Methought I was in that country, but the mountains were gone. The poverty of my dreams mortifies me. There is Coleridge, at his will can conjure up icy domes, and pleasure-houses for Kubla Khan, and Abyssinian maids, and songs of Abara, and caverns,

Where Alph, the sacred river, runs,

to solace his night solitudes—when I cannot muster a fiddle. Barry Cornwall has his Tritons and his Nereids gamboling before him in nocturnal visions, and proclaiming sons born to Neptune—when my stretch of imaginative activity can hardly in the night season raise up the ghost of a fish-wife. To set my failures in somewhat a mortifying light—it was after reading the noble "Dream" of this

poet, that my fancy ran strong upon these marine spectra; and the poor plastic power, such as it is, within me set to work to humour my folly in a sort of dream that very night. Methought I was upon the ocean billows at some sea nuptial's riding and mounted high, with the customary train sounding their conchs before me, (I myself you may be sure the *leading god,*) and jollily we went cantering over the main, till just where Ino Leucothea should have greeted me (I think it was Ino) with a white embrace, the billows gradually subsiding, fell from a sea roughness to a sea calm, and thence to a river motion, and that river (as happens in the familiarization of dreams) was no other than the gentle Thames, which landed me in the wafture of a placid wave or two, safe and inglorious, somewhere at the foot of Lambeth Palace

The degree of the soul's creativeness in sleep might furnish no whimsical criterion of the quantum of poetical faculty resident in the same soul waking. An old gentleman, a friend of mine, and a humourist, used to carry this notion so far, that when he saw any stripling of his acquaintance ambitious of becoming a poet, his first question would be—"Young man, what sort of dreams have you?" I have so much faith in my old friend's theory, that when I feel that idle vein returning upon me, I presently subside into my proper element of prose, remembering those eluding nereids, and that inauspicious nland landing.

1653 - 1723

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT

FICTION AND MATTER OF FACT

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy—*Shakespeare.*

A PASSION for these two things is supposed to be incompatible. It is certainly not; and the supposition is founded on an ignorance of the nature of the human mind, and the very sympathies of the two strangers. Mathematical truth is not the only truth in the world. An unpoetical logician is not the only philosopher. Locke had no taste for fiction: he thought Blackmore as great a genius as Homer; but this was a conclusion he could never have come to, if he had known his premises. Newton considered poetry as on a par with 'ingenious nonsense'; which was an error as great as if he had ranked himself with Tom D'Urfey, or made the apex of a triangle equal to the base of it. Newton has had good for evil returned him by 'a greater than himself'; for the eye of imagination sees farther than the glasses of astronomy. I should say that the poets had praised their scorner too much, illustrious as he is, if it were not delighteful to see that there is at least one facutly in the world which knows how to do justice to all the rest. Of all the universal privileges of poetry, this is one of the most peculiar, and marks her for what she is. The mathematician, the schoolman, the wit, the statesman, and the soldier, may all be blind to the merits of poetry, and of one another;

but the poet, by the privilege which he possesses of recognizing every species of truth, is aware of the merits of mathematics, of learning, of wit, of politics, and of generalship. He is great in his own art, and he is great in his appreciation of that of others. And this is most remarkable in proportion as he is a *poetical* poet—a high lover of fiction. Milton brought the visible and the invisible together 'on the top of Fiesole' to pay homage to Galileo; and the Tuscan deserved it, for he had an insight into the world of imagination. I cannot but fancy the shade of Newton blushing to reflect that, among the many things which he professed to *know not*, poetry was omitted, of which he knew nothing. Great as he was, he indeed saw nothing in the face of nature but its lines and colours ; not the lines and colours of passion and sentiment included, but only squares and their distances, and the anatomy of the rainbow. He thought the earth a glorious planet ; he knew it better than any one else, in its connexion with other planets; and yet half the beauty of them all, that which sympathy bestows and imagination colours, was to him a blank. He took space to be the sensorium of the Deity (so noble a fancy could be struck out of the involuntary encounter between his intense sense of a mystery and the imagination he despised !) and yet this very fancy was but an escape from the horror of a vacuum, and a substitution of the mere consciousness of existence for the thoughts and images with which a poet would have accompanied it. He imagined the form of the house, and the presence of the builder; but the

life and the variety, the paintings, the imagery, and the music,—the loves and the joys, the whole riches of the place, the whole riches in the distance, the creations heaped upon creation, and the particular as well as aggregate consciousness of all this in the great mind of whose presence he was conscious,—to all this his want of imagination rendered him insensible. The *Fairy Queen* was to him a trifle; the dreams of Shakespeare 'ingenious nonsense'. But courts were somthing, and so were the fashions there. When the name of the Deity was mentioned, he took off his hat!

There are two worlds; the world that we can measure with line and rule, and the world that we feel with our hearts and imaginations. To be sensible of the truth of only one of these, is to know truth but by halves. Milton said, that he 'dared be known to think Spenser a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas'. He did not say than Plato or Pythagoras, who understood the two spheres within our reach. Both of these, and Milton himself, were as great lovers of physical and political truth as any men; but they knew that it was not all; they felt much beyond, and they made experiments upon more. It is doubted by the critics, whether Chaucer's delight in the handling of fictions, or in the detection and scrutiny of a piece of truth, was the greater. Chaucer was a conscientious Reformer, which is a man who has a passion for truth; and so was Milton. So in his way, was Ariosto himself, and indeed most great poets; part of the very perfection of their art, which is verisimilitude,

being closely connected with their sense of truth in all things. But it is not necessary to be great, in order to possess a reasonable variety of perception. That nobody may despair of being able to indulge the two passions together, I can answer for them by my own experience. I can pass, with as much pleasure as ever, from the reading of one of Hume's Essays to that of the *Arabian Nights*, and vice versa; and I think, the longer I live, the closer, if possible, will the union grow. The roads are found to approach nearer, in proportion as we advance upon either ; and they both terminate in the same prospect.

I am far from meaning that there is nothing real in either road. The path of matter of fact is as solid as ever ; but they who do not see the reality of the other, keep but a blind and prone beating upon their own surface. To drop the metaphor, matter of fact is our perception of the grosser and more external shapes of truth ; fiction represents the residuum and the mystery. To love matter of fact is to have a lively sense of the visible and immediate ; to love fiction is to have as lively a sense of the possible and the remote. Now these two senses, if they exist at all, are of necessity as real, the one as the other. The only proof of either is in our perception. To a blind man, the most visible colours no more exist, than the hues of a fairy tale to a man destitute of fancy. To a man of fancy, who sheds tears over a tale, the chair in which he sits has no truer existence in its way, than the story that moves him. His being touched is his proof in both instances.

But, says the mechanical understanding, modern discoveries have acquainted us with the cause of lightning and thunder, the nature of optical delusions, and fifty other apparent wonders; and therefore there is no more to be feigned about them. Fancy has done with them at least with their causes; and witches and will-o'-the-wisps being abolished, poetry is at a stand. The strong glass of science has put an end to the assumptions of fiction.

This is a favourite remark with a pretty numerous set of writers; and it is a very desperate one. It looks like reasoning; and by a singular exercise of the very faculty which it asserts the death of, many persons take the look of an argument for the proof of it. Certainly, no observation can militate more strongly against existing matter of fact; and this is the reason why it is made. The mechanical writers of verse find that it is no longer so easy to be taken for poets, because fancy and imagination are more than usually in request: so they would have their revenge, by asserting, that poety is no longer to be written.

When an understanding of this description is told, that thunder is caused by a collision of clouds, and that lightning is a well-known result of electricity, there may be an end, if he pleases, of his poetry with him. He may, if he thinks fit, or if he cannot help it, no longer see anything in the lightning but the escape of a subtle fluid, or hear anything more noble in the thunder than the crack of a bladder of water. Much good may his ignorance do him. But it is not so with understandings of a loftier

or a more popular kind. The wonder of children, and the lofty speculations of the wise, meet alike on a point, higher than he can attain to, and look over the threshold of the world. Mechanical knowledge is a great and a glorious tool in the hands of man, and will change the globe. But it will still leave untouched the invisible sphere above and about us; still leave us all the great and all the gentle objects of poetry,—the heavens and the human heart, the regions of genii and fairies, the fanciful or passionate images that come to us from the seas, and from the flowers, and all that we behold.

It is, in fact, remarkable, that the growth of science, and the re-appearance of a more poetical kind of poetry, have accompanied one another. Whatever may be the difference of opinion as to the extent to which our modern poets have carried their success, their inclinations cannot be doubted. How is it that poetical impulse has taken this turn in a generation pronounced to be so mechanical? Whence has arisen among us this exceeding fondness for the fictions of the East, for solitary and fanciful reveries, for the wild taste of the Germans (themselves more scientific and wild than ever), and even for a new and more primitive use of the old Pagan mythology, so long and so mechanically abused by the Chloes and Venuses of the French? Politics may be thought a very unlikely cause for poetry, and it is so with mere politicians; yet politics, pushed further than common, have been the cause of the new and greater impetus given to the sympathies of imagination; for the more we

know of any one ground of knowledge, the further we see into the general domains of intellect, if we are not mere slaves of the soil. A little philosophy, says Bacon, takes men away from religion ; a greater brings them round to it. This is the case with the reasoning faculty and poetry. We reason to a certain point, and are content with the discoveries of second causes. We reason further, and find ourselves in the same airy depths as of old. The imagination recognizes its ancient field, and begins ranging about at will, doubly bent upon liberty, because of the trammels with which it has been threatened.

Take the following Apologue.—During a wonderful period of the world, the kings of the earth leagued themselves together to destroy all opposition ; to root out, if they could, the very thoughts of mankind. Inquisition was made for blood. The ears of the grovelling lay in wait for every murmur. On a sudden, during this great hour of danger, there arose in a hundred parts of the world, a cry, to which the cry of the Blatant Beast was a whisper. It proceeded from the wonderful multiplication of an extraordinary creature, which had already turned the cheeks of the tyrants pallid. It groaned and it grew loud: it spoke with a hundred tongues ; it grew fervidly on the ear, like the noise of millions of wheels. And the sound of millions of wheels was in it, together with other marvellous and awful noises. There was the sharpening of swords, the braying of trumpets, the neighing of war-horses, the laughter of solemn voices, the rushing by of lights, the movement of impatient feet, a tread as if the

world were coming. And ever and anon there were pauses with ' a still small voice ', which made a trembling in the night time. But still the glowing sound of the wheels renewed itself; gathering early towards the morning. And when you came up to one of these creatures, you saw with fear and reverence, its mighty conformation, being like wheels indeed, and a great vapour. And ever and anon the vapour boiled, and the wheels went rolling, and the creature threw out of its mouth visible words, that fell into the air by millions, and spoke to the uttermost parts of the earth. And the nations (for it was a loving though a fearful creature) fed upon its words like the air they breathed: and the monarchs paused, for they knew their masters.

This is Printing by Steam.—It will be said that it is an allegory, and that all allegories are but fictions, and flat ones. I am far from producing it as a specimen of the poetical power now in existence. Allegory itself is out of fashion, though it was a favourite exercise of our old poets when the public were familiar with shows and spectacles. But allegory is the readiest shape into which imagination can turn a thing mechanical ; and in the one before us is contained the mechanical truth and the spiritual truth of that very matter of fact thing called a Printing Press : each of them as true as the other, or neither could take place. A business of screws and iron wheels is, or appears to be, a very commonplace matter ; but not so the will of the hand that sets them in motion ; not so the operations of the mind that directs them what

to utter. We are satisfied respecting the one by science; but what is it that renders us sensible of the wonders of the other, and their connexion with the great mysteries of nature? Thought—Fancy—*Imagination*. What signifies to her the talk about electricity, and suction, and gravitation, and alembics, and fifty other mechanical operations of the marvellous? This is but the bone and muscle of wonder. Soul, and not body, is her pursuit; the first cause, not the second; the whole effect, not a part of it; the will, the invention, the marvel itself. As long as this lies hidden, she still fancies what agents for it she pleases. The science of atmospherical phenomena hinders not her angles from 'playing in the plighted clouds'. The analysis of a bottle of salt water does not prevent her from 'taking the wings of the morning, and remaining in the uttermost parts of the sea'. You must prove to her first, that you understand the simple elements when decomposed; the reason that brings them together; the power that puts them in action; the relations which they have to a thousand things besides ourselves and our wants; the necessity of all this perpetual motion; the understanding that looks out of the eye; love, joy, sorrow, death and life, the future, the universe, the whole invisible abyss. Till you know all this, and can plant the dry sticks of your reasons, as trophies of possession, in every quarter of space, how shall you oust her from her dominion?

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

OUR LADIES OF SORROW

Oftentimes at Oxford I saw Levana in my dreams. I knew her by her Roman symbols. Who is Levana? Reader, that do not pretend to have leisure for very much scholarship, you will not be angry with me for telling you. Levana was the Roman goddess that performed for the new-born infant the earliest office of ennobling kindness—typical, by its mode, of that grandeur which belongs to man everywhere, and of that benignity in powers invisible which even in Pagan worlds sometimes descends to sustain it. At the very moment of birth, just as the infant tasted for the first time the atmosphere of our troubled planet, it was laid on the ground. *That* might bear different interpretations. But immediately, lest so grand a creature should grovel there for more than one instant, either the paternal hand, as proxy for the goddess Levana, or some near kinsman, as proxy for the father, raised it upright, bade it look erect as the king of all this world, and presented its forehead to the stars, saying, perhaps, in his heart, "Behold what is greater than yourselves!" This symbolic act represented the function of Levana. And that mysterious lady, who never revealed her face (except to me in dreams), but always acted by delegation, had her name from the Latin verb (as still it is the Italian verb) *levare*, to raise aloft.

This is the explanation of Levana. And hence it has arisen that some people have understood by Levana the tutelary power that controls the education of the nursery. She, that would not suffer at his birth even a prefigurative or mimic degradation for her awful ward, far less could be supposed to suffer the real degradation attaching to the non-development of his powers. She therefore watches over human education. Now, the word *educo*, with the penultimate short, was derived (by a process often exemplified in the crystallisation of languages) from the word *educo*, with the penultimate long. Whatsoever *educes* or develops—*educates*. By the education of Levana, therefore, is meant—not the poor machinery that moves by spelling-books and grammars, but that mighty system of central forces hidden in the deep bosom of human life, which by passion, by strife, by temptation, by the energies of resistance, works for ever upon children—resting not day or night, any more than the mighty wheel of day and night themselves, whose moments, like restless spokes, are glimmering for ever as they revolve.

If, then, *these* are the ministries by which Levana works, how profoundly must she reverence the agencies of grief! But you, reader, think that children generally are not liable to grief such as mine. There are two senses in the word *generally*—the sense of Euclid where it means *universally* (or in the whole extent of the *genus*), and a foolish sense of this world, where it means *usually*. Now I am far from saying that children universally are capable

of grief like mine. But there are more than you ever heard of, who die of grief in this island of ours. I will tell you a common case. The rules of Eton require that a boy on the *foundation* should be there twelve years: he is superannuated at eighteen consequently he must come at six. Children torn away from mothers and sisters at that age not unfrequently die. I speak of what I know. The complaint is not entered by the registrar as grief; but *that* it is. Grief of that sort, and at that age, has killed more than ever have been counted amongst its martyrs.

Therefore it is that Levana often communes with the powers that shake man's heart : therefore it is that she dotes upon grief. " These ladies, " said I softly to myself, on seeing the ministers with whom Levana was conversing, " these are the Sorrows; and they are three in number, as the *Graces* are three, who dress man's life with beauty; the *Parcae* are three, who weave the dark arras of man's life in their mysterious loom always with colours sad in part, sometimes angry with tragic crimson and black; the *Furies* are three, who visit with retributions called from the other side of the grave offences that walk upon this; and once even the *Muses* were but three, who fit the harp, the trumpet, or the lute, to the great burdens of man's impassioned creations. These are the Sorrows, all three of whom I know." The last words I say *now*; but in Oxford I said —"one of whom I know, and the others too surely I *shall* know." For already, in my fervent youth, I saw (dimly relieved upon the dark background of my dreams)

the imperfect lineaments of the awful sisters. These sisters—by what name shall we call them ?

If I say simply—"The Sorrows," there will be a chance of mistaking the term ; it might be understood of individual sorrow—separate cases of sorrow,—whereas I want a term expressing the mighty abstractions that incarnate themselves in all individual sufferings of man's heart ; and I wish to have these abstractions presented as impersonations, that is, as clothed with human attributes of life, and with functions pointing to flesh. Let us call them, therefore, *Our Ladies of Sorrow*. I know them thoroughly, and have walked in all their kingdoms. Three sisters they are, of one mysterious household; and their paths are wide apart; but of their dominion there is no end. Them I saw often conversing with Levana, and sometimes about myself. Do they talk, then ? Oh, no ! Mighty phantoms like these disdain the infirmities of language. They may utter voices through the organs of man when they dwell in human hearts, but amongst themselves is no voice nor sound—eternal silence reigns in *their* kingdoms. *They* spoke not as they talked with Levana. *They* whispered not. *They* sang no Though oftentimes methought they *might* have sung ; for I upon earth had heard their mysteries oftentimes deciphered by harp and timbrel, by dulcimer and organ. Like God, whose servants they are, they utter their pleasure, not by sounds that perish, or by words that go astray, but by signs in heaven—by changes on earth—by pulses in secret rivers—heraldries painted on darkness

—and hieroglyphics written on the tablets of the brain. *They* wheeled in mazes; *I* spelled the steps. *They* telegraphed from afar; *I* read the signals. *They* conspired together; and on the mirrors of darkness *my* eye traced the plots. *Theirs* were the symbols,—*mine* are the words.

What is it the sisters are? What is it that they do? Let me describe their form, and their presence; if form it were that still fluctuated in its outline; or presence it were that for ever advanced to the front, or for ever receded amongst shades.

The eldest of the three is named *Mater Lachrymarum*, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, where a voice was heard of lamentation—Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were stiffened for ever, which, heard at times as they tottered along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven.

Her eyes are sweet and subtle, wild and sleepy by turns; oftentimes rising to the clouds, and oftentimes challenging the heavens. She wears a diadem round her head. And I knew by childish memories that she could go abroad upon the winds, when she heard the sobbing of litanies or the thundering of organs, and when she beheld the mustering of summer clouds. This sister, the elder, it is that carries keys more than papal

at her girdle, which open every cottage and every palace. She, to my knowledge, sate all last summer by the bedside of the blind beggar, him that so often and so gladly I talked with, whose pious daughter, eight years old, with the sunny countenance, resisted the temptations of play and village mirth to travel all day long on dusty roads with her afflicted father. For this did God send her a great reward. In the springtime of the year, and whilst yet her own spring was budding, He recalled her to Himself. But her blind father mourns for ever over *her*; still he dreams at midnight that the little guiding hand is locked within his own; and still he wakens to a darkness that is *now* within a second and a deeper darkness. This *Mater Lachrymarum* also had been sitting all this winter of 1844-5 within the bedchamber of the Czar, bringing before his eyes a daughter (not less pious) that vanished to God not less suddenly, and left behind her a darkness not less profound. By the power of her keys it is that Our Lady of Tears glides a ghostly intruder into the chambers of sleepless men, sleepless women, sleepless children, from Ganges to the Nile, from Nile to Mississippi. And her, because she is the first-born of her house, and has the widest empire, let us honour with the title of "Madonna."

The second sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum*, Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle; no man could read their story; they would be found

filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops for ever; for ever fasteus on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and frantic ; raging in the highest against heaven; and demanding back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamours, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspirations. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest. This sister is the visitor of the Pariah, of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in Mediterranean galleys, of the English criminal in Norfolk Islands, blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England, of the baffled penitent reverting his eyes for ever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no oblations can now be availing, whether towards pardon that he might implore, or towards reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the earth, our general mother, but for *him* a stepmother, as he points with the other hand to the Bible, our general teacher, but against *him* sealed and sequestered;—every woman sitting in darkness,

without love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections, which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients;—every nun defrauded of her unreturning May-time by wicked kinsmen, whom God will judge;—every captive in every dungeon;—all that are betrayed, and all that are rejected; outcasts by traditionary law, and children of *hereditary* disgrace —all these walk with Our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key ; but she needs it little. For her kingdom is cheifly amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrant of every clime. Yet in the very highest ranks of man she finds chapels of her own; and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

But the third sister, who is also the youngest!—Hush ! whisper, whilst we talk of *her* ! Her kingdom is not large, or else no flesh should live; but within that kingdom all power is hers. Her head, turreted like that of Cybele, rises almost beyond the reach of sight. She droops not ; and her eyes rising so high, *might* be hidden by distance. But, being what they are, they cannot be hidden ; through the treble veil of crape which she wears, the fierce light of a blazing misery. that rests not for matins or for vespers—for noon of day or noon of night—for ebbing or for flowing tide—may be read from the very

ground. She is the defier of God. She also is the mother of lunacies, and the suggestress of suicides. Deep lie the roots of her power; but narrow is the nation that she rules. For she can approach only those in whom a profound nature has been upheaved by central convulsions ; in whom the heart trembles and the brain rocks under conspiracies of tempest from without and tempest from within. Madonna moves with uncertain steps, fast or slow, but still with tragic grace. Our Lady of Sighs creeps timidly and stealthily. But this youngest sister moves with incalculable motions, bounding, and with a tiger's leaps. She carries no kēy; for, though coming rarely amongst men, she storms all doors at which she is permitted to enter at all. And *her* name is *Mater Tenebrarum*—Our Lady of Darkness.

These were the *Semnai Theai*, or Sublime Goddesses ; these were the *Eumenides* or Gracious Ladies (so called by antiquity in shuddering propitiation)—of my Oxford dreams. Madonna spoke. She spoke by her mysterious hand. Touching my head, she beckoned to Our Lady of Sighs; and *what* she spoke, translated out of the signs which (except in dreams) no man reads, was this :—

"Lo! here is he whom in childhood I dedicated to my altars. This is he that once I made my darling. Him I led astray, him I beguiled, and from heaven I stole away his young heart to mine. Through me did he become idolatrous; and through me it was, by languishing desires, that he worshipped the worm, and prayed to the wormy grave. Holy was the grave to him ; lovely

was its darkness; saintly its corruption. Him, this young idolater, I have seasoned for thee, dear gentle Sister of Sighs! Do thou take him now to *thy* heart, and season him for our dreadful siter. And thou"—turning to the *Mater Tenebrarum*, she said—"wicked sister, that temptest and hatest, do thou take him from *her*. See that thy sceptre lie heavy on his head. Suffer not woman and her tenderness to sit near him in his darkness. Banish the frailties of hope—wither the relentings of love—scorch the fountains of tears: curse him as only thou canst curse. So shall he be accomplished in the furnace—so shall he see the things that ought *not* to be seen—sights that are abominable, and secrets that are unutterable. So shall he read elder truths, sad truths, grand truths, fearful truths. So shall he rise again *before* he dies. And so shall our commission be accomplished which from God we had—to plague his heart until we had unfolded the capacities of his spirit."

THOMAS CARLYLE

GOSPEL OF MAMMONISM

READER, even Christian Reader as thy title goes, hast thou any notion of Heaven and Hell? I rather apprehend not. Often as the words are on our tongue, they have got a fabulous or semi-fabulous character for most of us, and pass on like a kind of transient similitude, like a sound signifying little.

Yet it is well worth while for us to know, once and always, that they are not a similitude, nor a fable nor semi-fable; that they are an everlasting highest fact! 'No Lake of Sicilian or other sulphur burns now anywhere in these ages,' sayest thou? Well, and if there did not! Believe that there does not; believe it if thou wilt, nay, hold by it as a real increase, a rise to higher stages, to wider horizons and empires. All this has vanished, or has not vanished; believe as thou wilt as to all this. But that an Infinite of Practical Importance, speaking with strict arithmetical exactness, an *Infinite*, has vanished or can vanish from the Life of any Man: this thou shalt not believe! O brother, the Infinite of Terror, of Hope, of Pity, did it not at any moment disclose itself to thee, indubitable, unnameable? Came it never, like the gleam of *preter*-natural eternal Oceans, like the voice of old Eternities, far-sounding through thy heart of hearts? Never? Alas, it was not thy Liberalism then; it was thy Animalism! The Infinite is more sure than

any other fact. But only men can discern it; mere building beavers, spinning arachnes, much more the predatory vulturous and vulpine species, do not discern it well !

'The word Hell,' says Sauerteig, 'is still frequently in use among the English People: but I could not without difficulty ascertain what they meant by it. Hell generally signifies the Infinite Terror, the thing a man *is* infinitely afraid of, and shudders and shrinks from, struggling with his whole soul to escape from it. There is a Hell, therefore, if you will consider, which accompanies man, in all stages of his history, and religious or other development: but the Hells of men and Peoples differ notably. With Christians it is the infinite terror of being found guilty before the Just Judge. With old Romans, I conjecture, it was the terror not of Pluto, for whom probably they cared little, but of doing unworthily, doing unvirtuously, which was their word for un*man*fully. And now what is it, if you pierce through his Cants, his oft-repeated Hearsays, what he calls his Worships and so forth—what is it that the modern English soul does, in very truth, dread infinitely, and contemplate with entire despair? What *is* his Hell, after all these reputable, oft-repeated Hearsays, what is it ? With hesitation, with astonishment, I pronounce it to be: The terror of "Not succeeding", of not making money, fame, or some other figure in the world—chiefly of not making money ! Is not that a somewhat singular Hell ?'

Yes, O Sauerteig, it is very singular. If we do not 'succeed,' where is the use of us ? We had better never

have been born. 'Tremble intensely,' as our friend the Emperor of China says: *there* is the black Bottomless of Terror; what Sauerteig calls the 'Hell of the English!' But, indeed, this Hell belongs naturally to the Gospel of Mammonism, which also has its corresponding Heaven. For there is one Reality among so many Phantasms; about one thing we are entirely in earnest: The making of money. Working Mammonism does divide the world with idle game-preserving Dilettantism—thank Heaven that there is even a Mammonism, *anything* we are in earnest about! Idleness is worst. Idleness alone is without hope: work earnestly at anything, you will by degrees learn to work at almost all things. There is endless hope in work, were it even work at making money.

True, it must be owned, we for the present, with our Mammon-Gospel, have come to strange conclusions. We call it a Society; and go about professing openly the totallest separation, isolation. Our life is not a mutual helpfulness; but rather, cloaked under due laws-of-war, named 'fair competition' and so forth, it is a mutual hostility. We have profoundly forgotten everywhere that *Cash-payment* is not the sole relation of human beings; we think, nothing doubting, that *it* absolves and liquidates all engagements of man. 'My starving workers?' answers the rich Millowner. 'Did not I hire them fairly in the market? Did I not pay them, to the last sixpence, the sum covenanted for? What have I to do with them more?' Verily Mammon-worship is a melancholy creed.

When Cain, for his own behoof, had killed Abel, and was questioned, 'Where is thy brother?' he too made answer, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' Did I not pay my brother his wages, the thing he had merited from me?

O sumptuous Merchant-Prince, illustrious game-preserving Duke, is there no way of 'killing' thy brother but Cain's rude way? 'A good man by the very look of him by his very presence with us as a fellow wayfarer in this Life-pilgrimage, *promises* so much:' woe to him if he forget all such promises, if he never know that they were given! To a deadened soul, seared with the brute Idolatry of Sense, to whom going to Hell is equivalent to not making money, all 'promises,' and moral duties, that cannot be pleaded for in Courts of Requests, address themselves in vain. Money he can be ordered to pay, but nothing more. I have not heard in all Past History, and expect not to hear in all Future History, of any Society anywhere under God's Heaven supporting itself on such Philosophy. The Universe is not made so; it is made otherwise than so. The man or nation of men that thinks it is made so, marches forward nothing doubting, step after step; but marches—whither we know! In these last two centuries of Atheistic Government (near two centuries now, since the blessed restoration of his Sacred Majesty, and Defender of the Faith, Charles II.), I reckon that we have pretty well exhausted what of 'firm earth' there was for us to march on—and are now, very ominously, shuddering, reeling, and, let us hope, trying to recoil, on the cliff's edge!

For out of this that we call Atheism come so many other *isms* and falsities, each falsity with its misery at its heels! A SOUL is not like wind (*spiritus*, or breath) contained within a capsule; the ALMIGHTY MAKER is not like a Clockmaker that once, in old immemorial ages, having *made* his Horologe of a Universe, sits ever since and sees it go! Not at all. Hence comes Atheism; come, as we say, many other *isms*; and as the sum of all, comes Valetism, the *reverse* of Heroism; sad root of all woes whatsoever. For indeed, as no man ever saw the above-said wind-element enclosed within its capsule, and finds it at bottom more deniable than conceivable; so too he finds, in spite of Bridgewater Bequests, your Clockmaker Almighty an entirely questionable affair, a deniable affair; and accordingly denies it, and along with it so much else. Alas, one knows not what and how much else! For the faith in an Invisible, Unnameable, Godlike, present everywhere in all that we see and work and suffer, is the essence of all faith whatsoever; and that once denied, or, still worse, asserted with lips only, and out of bound prayer-books only, what other thing remains believable? That Cant well ordered is marketable Cant; that Heroism means gas-lighted Histrionism; that seen with 'clear eyes' (as they call Valet-eyes), no man is a Hero, or ever was a Hero, but all men are Valets and Varlets. The accursed practical quintessence of all sorts of Unbelief! For if there be now no Hero, and the Histrio himself begin to be seen into, what hope is there for the seed of Adam here below? We are the doomed everlasting prey

of the Quack; who, now in this guise, now in that, is to filch us, to pluck and eat us, by such modes as are convenient for him. For the modes and guises I care little. The Quack once inevitable, let him come quickly, let him pluck and eat me—swiftly, that I may at least have done with him; for in his Quack-world I can have no wish to linger. Though he slay me, yet will I *not* trust in him. Though he conquer nations, and have all the Flunkeys of the Universe shouting at his heels, yet will I know well that *he* is an Inanity; that for him and his there is no continuance appointed, save only in Gehenna and the Pool. Alas! the Atheist world, from its utmost summits of Heaven and Westminster Hall, downwards through poor seven-feet Hats and 'Unveracities fallen, hungry,' down to the lowest cellars and neglected hunger-dens of it, is very wretched.

One of Dr. Alison's Scotch facts struck us much. A poor Irish Widow, her husband having died in one of the Lanes of Edinburgh, went forth with her three children, bare of all resource, to solicit help from the Charitable Establishments of that City. At this Charitable Establishment and then at that she was refused; referred from one to the other, helped by none—till she had exhausted them all; till her strength and heart failed her: she sank down in typhus-fever; died, and infected her Lane with fever, so that 'seventeen other persons' died of fever there in consequence. The humane Physician asks thereupon, as with a heart too full for speaking, Would it not have been *economy* to help this poor Widow? She took

typhus-fever, and killed seventeen of you! Very curious. The forlorn Irish Widow applies to her fellow creatures, as if saying, 'Behold I am sinking, bare of help: ye must help me! I am your sister, bone of your bone; one God made us: ye must help me!' They answer, 'No; impossible; thou art no sister of ours.' But she proves her sisterhood; her typhus-fever *kills them*: they actually were her brothers, though denying it! Had human creature ever to go lower for a proof?

For, as indeed was very natural in such case, all government of the Poor by the Rich has long ago been given over to Supply-and-demand, Laissez-faire and such like, and universally declared to be 'impossible.' 'You are no sister of ours; what shadow of proof is there? Here are our parchments, our padlocks, proving indisputably our money-safes to be *ours*, and you to have no business with them. Depart! It is impossible!' Nay, what wouldst thou thyself have us do? cry indignant readers. Nothing, my friends—till you have got a soul for yourselves again. Till then all things are 'impossible.' Till then I cannot even bid you buy, as the old Spartans would have done, twopence worth of powder and lead, and compendiously shoot to death this poor Irish widow: even that is 'impossible' for you. Nothing is left but that she prove her sisterhood by dying, and infecting you with typhus. Seventeen of you lying dead will not deny such proof that she *was* flesh of your flesh; and perhaps some of the living may lay it to heart.

'Impossible:' of a certain two-legged animal with feathers it is said, if you draw a distinct chalk-circle round him, he sits imprisoned, as if girt with the iron ring of Fate; and will die there, though within sight of victuals—or sit in sick misery there, and be fatted to death. The name of this poor two-legged animal is—Goose; and they make of him, when well fattened, *Pate de foie gras*, much prized by some !

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

CIVILISATION

A CERTAIN degree of progress from the rudest state in which man is found,—a dweller in caves, or on trees, like an ape,—a cannibal, and eater of pounded snails, worms, and offal,—a certain degree of progress from this extreme is called Civilisation. It is a vague, complex name, of many degrees. Nobody has attempted a definition. Mr. Guizot, writing a book on the subject, does not. It implies the evolution of a highly-organised man, brought to supreme delicacy of sentiment, as in practical power, religion, liberty, sense of honour, and taste. In the hestitation to define what it is, we usually suggest it by negations. A nation that has no clothing, no iron, no alphabet, no marriage, no arts of peace, no abstract thought, we call barbarous. And after many arts are invented or imported, as among the Turks and Moorish nations, it is often a little complaisant to call them civilised.

Each nation grows after its own genius, and has a civilisation of its own. The Chinese and Japanese, though each complete in his way, is different from the man of Madrid or the man of New York. The term imports a mysterious progress. In the brutes is none; and in mankind today the savage tribes are gradually extinguished rather than civilised. The Indians of this country have not learned the white man's work; and in Africa, the negro of today is the negro of Herodotus. In other races the growth is

not arrested; but the like progress that is made by a boy "when he cuts his eye-teeth," as we say,—childish illusions passing daily away, and he seeing things really and comprehensively,—is made by tribes. It is the learning the secret of cumulative power, of advancing on one's self. It implies a facility of association, power to compare, the ceasing from fixed ideas. The Indian is gloomy and distressed when urged to depart from his habits and traditions. He is overpowered by the gaze of the white, and his eye sinks. The occasion of one of these starts of growth is always some novelty that astounds the mind, and provokes it to dare to change. Thus there is a Cadmus, a Pytheas, a Manco Capac, at the beginning of each improvement,—some superior foreigner importing new and wonderful arts, aud teaching them. Of course, he must not know too much, but must have the sympathy, language, and gods of those he would inform. But chiefly the sea-shore has been the point of departure to knowledge, as to commerce. The most advanced nations are always those who navigate the most. The power which the sea requires in the sailor makes a man of him very fast, and the change of shores and populations clears his head of much nonsense of his wigwam.

Where shall we begin or end the list of those feats of liberty and wit, each of which feats made an epoch of history? Thus, the effect of a framed or stone house is immense on the tranquillity, power, and refinement of the builder. A man in a cave or in a camp, a nomad, will die with no more estate than the wolf or the horse leaves.

But so simple a labour as a house being achieved, his chief enemies are kept at bay. He is safe from the teeth of wild animals, from frost, sun-stroke, and weathers; and fine faculties begin to yield their fine harvest. Invention and art are born, manners and social beauty and delight. 'Tis wonderful how soon a piano gets into a log-hut on the frontier. You would think they found it under a pine-stump. With it comes a Latin grammar—and one of those towhead boys has written a hymn on Sunday. Now let colleges, now let senates take heed ! for here is one who, opening these fine tastes on the basis of the pioneer's iron constitution, will gather all their laurels in his strong hands.

When the Indian trail gets widened, graded, and bridged to a good road, there is a benefactor, there is a missionary, a pacificator, a wealth-bringer, a maker of markets, a vent for industry. Another step in civility is the change from war, hunting, and pasturage to agriculture. Our Scandinavian forefathers have left us a significant legend to convey their sense of the importance of this step. "There was once a giantess who had a daughter, and the child saw a husbandman ploughing in the field. Then she ran and picked him up with her finger and thumb, and put him and his plough and his oxen into her apron, and carried them to her mother, and said, 'Mother, what sort of a beetle is this that I found wriggling in the sand?' But the mother said, 'Put it away, my child ; we must begone out of this land, for these people will dwell in it.' " Another success is the

post-office, with its educating energy augmented by cheapness and guarded by a certain religious sentiment in mankind; so that the power of a wafer or a drop of wax or gluten to guard a letter, as it flies over sea, over land, and comes to its address as if a battalion of artillery brought it, I look upon as a fine meter of civilisation.

The division of labour, the multiplication of the arts of peace, which is nothing but a large allowance to each man to choose his work according to his faculty,—to live by his better hand,—fills the State with useful and happy labourers; and they, creating demand by the very temptation of their productions, are rapidly and surely rewarded by good sale : and what a police and ten commandments their work thus becomes. So true is Dr. Johnson's remark that "men are seldom more innocently employed than when they are making money".

The skilful combinations of civil government, though they usually follow natural leadings, as the lines of race, language, religion, and territory, yet require wisdom and conduct in the rulers, and in their result delight the imagination. "We, see insurmountable multitudes obeying, in opposition to their strongest passions, the restraints of a power which they scarcely perceive, and the crimes of a single individual marked and punished at the distance of half the earth."

Right position of woman in the State is another index. Poverty and industry with a healthy mind read very easily the laws of humanity, and love them : place the sexes in right relations of mutual respect, and a severe

morality gives that essential charm to woman which educates all that is delicate, poetic, and self sacrificing, breeds courtesy and learning, conversation and wit, in her rough mate; so that I have thought a sufficient measure of civilisation is the influence of good women.

Another measure of culture is the diffusion of knowledge, overrunning all the old barriers of caste, and, by the cheap press, bringing the university to every poor man's door in the newsboy's basket. Scraps of science, of thought, of poetry, are in the coarsest sheet, so that in every house we hesitate to burn a news-paper until we have looked it through.

The ship, in its latest complete equipment, is an abridgment and compend of a nation's arts: the ship steered by compass and chart,—longitude reckoned by lunar observation and by chronometer—driven by steam; and in wildest sea-mountains, at vast distances from home,

"The pulses of her iron heart
Go beating through the storm."

No use can lessen the wonder of this control, by so weak a creature, of forces so prodigious. I remember I watched, in crossing the sea, the beautiful skill whereby the engine in its constant working was made to produce two hundred gallons of fresh water out of salt water, every hour, thereby supplying all the ship's want.

The skill that pervades complex details: the man that maintains himself; the chimney taught to burn its own smoke; the farm made to produce all that is consumed

on it; the very prison compelled to maintain itself and yield a revenue, and, better still, made a reform school, and a manufactory of honest men out of rogues, as the steamer made fresh water out of salt,—all these are examples of that tendency to combine antagonisms, and utilise evil, which is the index of high civilisation.

Civilisation is the result of highly complex organisation. In the snake, all the organs are sheathed: no hands, no feet, no fins, no wings. In bird and beast the organs are released and begin to play. In man they are all unbound, and full of joyful action. With this unswaddling he receives the absolute illumination we call Reason, and thereby true liberty.

Climate has much to do with this melioration. The highest civility has never loved the hot zones. Wherever snow falls there is usually civil freedom. Where the banana grows the animal system is indolent and pampered at the cost of higher qualities; the man is sensual and cruel. But this scale is not invariable. High degrees of moral sentiment control the unfavourable influences of climate; and some of our grandest examples of men and of races come from the equatorial regions,—as the genius of Egypt, of India, and of Arabia.

These feats are measures or traits of civlilty; and temperate climate is an imporant influence, though not quite indispensible, for there have been learning, philosophy, and art in Iceland, and in the tropics. But one condition is essential to the social education of man, namely, morality. There can be no high civility without a deep morality, though it

may not always call itself by that name, but sometimes the point of honour, as in the institution of chivalry ; or patriotism, as in the Spartan and Roman republics ; or the enthusiasm of some religious sect which imputes its virtue to its dogma ; or the cabalism, or *esprit de corps*, of a masonic or other association of friends.

The evolution of a highly-destined society must be moral; it must run in the grooves of the celestial wheels. It must be catholic in aims. What is *moral ?* It is the respecting in action catholic or universal ends. Hear the definition which Kant gives of moral conduct : "Act always so that the immediate motive of thy will may become a universal rule for all intelligent beings."

Civilisation depends on morality. Everything good in man leans on what is higher. This rule holds in small as in great. Thus, all our strength and success in the work of our hands depend on our borrowing the aid of the elements. You have seen a carpenter on a ladder with a broad-axe chopping upward chips from a beam. How awkward ! at what disadvantage he works ! But see him on the ground, dressing his timber under him. Now, not his feeble muscles, but the force of gravity, brings down the axe ; that is to say, the planet itself splits his stick. The farmer had much ill-temper, laziness, and shirking to endure from his hand-sawyers, until one day he bethought him to put his saw-mill on the edge of a waterfall ; and the river never tires of turning his wheel : the river is good-natured, and never hints an objection.

We had letters to send : couriers could not go fast enough, nor far enough ; broke their waggons, foundered their horses ; bad roads in spring, snow-drifts in winter, heats in summer ; could not get the horses out of a walk. But we found out that the air and earth were full of Electricity ; and always going our way,—just the way we wanted to send. *Would he take a message ?* Just as lief as not ; had nothing else to do; would carry it in no time. Only one doubt occurred, one staggering objection,—he had no carpet-bag, no visible pockets, no hands, not so much as a mouth to carry a letter. But, after much thought and many experiments, we managed to meet the conditions, and to fold up the letter in such invisible compact form as he could carry in those invisible pockets of his, never wrought by needle and thread,—and it went like a charm.

I admire still more than the saw-mill the skill which, on the sea-shore, makes the tides drive the wheels and grind corn, and which thus engages the assistance of the moon, like a hired hand, to grind, and wind, and pump, and saw, and split stone, and roll iron.

Now that is the wisdom of a man, in every instance of his labour, to hitch his waggon to a star, and see his chore done by the gods themselves. That is the way we are strong, by borrowing the might of the elements. The forces of steam, gravity, galvanism, light, magnets, wind, fire, serve us day by day, and cost us nothing.

Our astronomy is full of examples of calling in the aid of these magnificent helpers. Thus, on a planet so small as ours, the want of an adequate base for astronomical

measurements is early felt, as, for example, in detecting the parallax of a star. But the astronomer, having by an observation fixed the place of a star, by so simple an expedient as waiting six months, and then repeating his observation, contrived to put the diameter of the earth's orbit, say two hundred millions of miles, between his first observation and his second, and this line afforded him a respectable base for his triangle.

All our arts aim to win this vantage. We cannot bring the heavenly powers to us, but, if we will only choose our jobs in directions in which they travel, they will undertake them with the greatest pleasure. It is a peremptory rule with them, that *they never go out of their road*. We are dapper little busybodies, and run this way and that way superserviceably; but they swerve never from their foreordained paths,—neither the sun, nor the moon, nor a bubble of air, nor a mote of dust.

And as our handiworks borrow the elements, so all our social and political action leans on principles. To accomplish anything excellent, the will must work for catholic and universal ends. A puny creature walled in on every side, as Daniel wrote,—

> "Unless above himself he can
> Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!"

but when his will leans on a principle, when he is the vehicle of ideas, he borrows their omnipotence. Gibraltar may be strong, but ideas are impregnable, and bestow on the hero their invincibility. "It was a great instruction," said a saint in Cromwell's war, "that the best courages are

but beams of the Almighty." Hitch your waggon to a star. Let us not fag in paltry works which serve our pot and bag alone. Let us not lie and steal. No god will help. We shall find all their teams going the other way,—Charles's Wain, Great Bear, Orion, Leo, Hercules : every god will leave us. Work rather for those interests which the divinities honour and promote,—justice, love, freedom, knowledge, utility.

If we can thus ride in Olympian chariots by putting our works in the path of the celestial circuits, we can harness also evil agents, the powers of darkness, and force them to serve against their will the ends of wisdom and virtue. Thus, a wise. government puts fines and penalties on pleasant vices. What a benefit would the American government, not yet relieved of its extreme need, render to itself, and to every city, village, and hamlet in the States, if it would tax whisky and rum almost to the point of prohibition ! Was it Bonaparte who said that he found vices very good patriots ?—"he got five millions from the love of brandy, and he should be glad to know which of the virtues would pay him as much." Tobacco and opium have broad backs, and will cheerfully carry the load of armies, if you choose to make them pay high for such joy as they give and such harm as they do.

These are traits, and measures, and modes; and the true test of civilisation is, not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops,—no, but the kind of man the country turns out. I see the vast advantages of this country, spanning the breadth of the temperate zone. I see the immense

material prosperity.—towns on towns, states on states, and wealth piled in the massive architecture of cities: California quartz-mountains dumped down in New York to be repiled architecturally along-shore from Canada to Cuba, and thence westward to California again. But it is not New York streets built by the confluence of workmen and wealth of all nations, though stretching out towards Philadelphia until they touch it, and northward until they touch New Haven, Hartford, Springfield, Worcester, and Boston,—not these that make the real estimation. But, when I look over this constellation of cities which animate and illustrate the land, and see how little the government has to do with their daily life, how self-helped and self-directed all families are, knots of men in purely natural societies,—societies of trade, of kindred blood, of habitual hospitality, house and house, man acting on man by weight of opinion, of longer or better-directed industry, the refining influence of women, the invitation which experience and permanent causes open to youth and labour,—when I see how much each virtuous and gifted person, whom all men consider, lives affectionately with scores of excellent people who are not known far from home, and perhaps with great reason reckons these people his superiors in virtue, and in the symmetry and force of their qualities, I see what cubic values America has, and in these a better certificate of civilisation than great cities or enormous wealth.

In strictness, the vital refinements are the moral and intellectual steps. The appearance of the Hebrew Moses,

of the Indian Buddh,—in Greece, of the Seven Wise Masters, of the acute and upright Socrates, and of the Stoic Zeno,—in Judæa, the advent of Jesus,—and in modern Christendon, of the realists Huss, Savonarola, and Luther, are casual facts which carry forward races to new convictions, and elevate the rule of life. In the presence of these agencies, it is frivolous to insist on the invention of printing or gun-power, of steam-power or gaslight, percussion-caps and rubber-shoes, which are toys thrown off from that security, freedom, and exhilaration which a healthy morality creates in society. These arts add a comfort and smoothness to house and street life ; but a purer morality, which kindles genius, civilises civilisation, casts backward all that we held sacred into the profane, as the flame of oil throws a shadow when shined upon by the flame of the Bude-light. Not the less the popular measures of progress will ever be the arts and the laws.

But if there be a country which cannot stand any one of these tests,—a country where knowledge cannot be diffused without perils of mob-law and statute-law, —where speech is not free, where the post office is violated, mail-bags opened, and letters tampered with,—where public debts and private debts outside of the State are repudiated, —where liberty is attacked in the primary institution of social life,—where the position of the white woman is injuriously affected by the outlawry of the black woman,—where the arts, such as they have, are all imported, having no indigenous life,—where the labourer is not secured in the earnings of his own hands, —where suffrage is not free

or equal,—that country is, in all these respects not civil, but barbarous; and no advantages of soil, climate, or coast can resist these suicidal mischiefs.

Morality and all the incidents of morality are essential; as, justice to the citizen, and personal liberty. Montesquieu says: "Countries are well cultivated not as they are fertile, but as they are free;" and the remark holds not less but more true of the culture of men, than of the tillage of land. And the highest proof of civility is, that the whole public action of the State is directed on securing the greatest good of the greatest number.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

ON BEING FOUND OUT

AT THE close (let us say) of Queen Anne's reign, when I was a boy at a private and preparatory school for young gentlemen, I remember the wiseacre of a master ordering us all, one night, to march into a little garden at the back of the house, and thence to proceed one by one into a tool or hen-house (I was but a tender little thing just put into short clothes, and can't exactly say whether the house was for tools or hens), and in that house to put our hands into a sack which stood on a bench, a candle burning beside it. I put my hand into the sack. My hand came out quite black. I went and joined the other boys in the school-room; and all their hands were black, too.

By reason of my tender age (and there are some critics who, I hope, will be satisfied by my acknowledging that I am a hundred and fifty-six next birthday) I could not understand what was the meaning of this night excursion—this candle, this tool-house, this bag of soot. I think we little boys were taken out of our sleep to be brought to the ordeal. We came, then, and showed our little hands to the master; washed them or not—most probably, I should say, not—and so went bewildered back to bed.

Something had been stolen in the school that day; and Mr. Wiseacre having read in a book of an ingenious method of finding out a thief by making him put his hand into a sack (which, if guilty, the rogue would shirk from

doing), all we boys were subjected to the trial. Goodness knows what the lost object was, or who stole it. We all had black hands to show to the master. And the thief, whoever he was, was not Found Out that time.

I wonder if the rascal is alive—an elderly scoundrel he must be by this time; and a hoary old hypocrite, to whom an old schoolfellow presents his kindest regards—parenthetically remarking what a dreadful place that private school was: cold, chilblains, bad dinners, not enough victuals, and caning awful!—Are you alive still, I says, you nameless villain, who escaped discovery on that day of crime? I hope you have escaped often since, old sinner. Ah, what a lucky thing it is, for you and me, my man that we are *not* found out in all our peccadilloes; and that our backs can slip away from the master and the cane!

Just consider what life would be, if every rogue was found out, and flogged *coram populo!* What a butchery, what an indecency, what an endless swishing of the rod! Don't cry out about my misanthropy. My good friend Mealymouth, I will trouble you to tell me, do you go to church? When there, do you say, or do you not, that you are a miserable sinner? and saying so, do you believe or disbelieve it? If you are a M.S., don't you deserve correction, and aren't you grateful if you are to be let off? I say again what a blessed thing it is that we are not found all out!

Just picture to yourself everybody who does wrong being found out, and punished accordingly. Fancy all the boys in all the school being whipped; and then the assistants, and then the head master (Doctor Badford let us call him).

Fancy the provost-marshal being tied up, having previously superintended the correction of the whole army. After the young gentlemen have had their turn for the faulty exercises, fancy Doctor Lincolnsinn being taken up for certain faults in *his* Essay and Review. After the clergyman has cried his peccavi, suppose we hoist up a Bishop, and give him a couple of dozen! (I see my Lord Bishop of Double-Gloucester sitting in a very uneasy posture on his right reverend bench.) After we have cast off the bishop, what are we to say to the Minister who appointed him? My Lord-Cinqwarden, it is painful to have to use personal correction to a boy of your age; but really...*Siste tandem, carnifex!* The butchery is too horrible. The hand drops powerless appalled at the quantity of birch which it must cut and brandish. I am glad we are not all found out, I say again; and protest, my dear brethren, against our having our deserts.

To fancy all men found out and punished is bad enough; but imagine all women found out in the distinguished social circle in which you and I have the honor to move. Is it not a mercy that so many of these fair criminals remain unpunished and undiscovered? There is Mrs. Longbow, who is for ever practising, and who shoots poisoned arrows, too; when you meet her you don't call her liar, and charge her with the wickedness she has done, and is doing. There is Mrs. Painter, who passes for a most respectable woman, and a model in society. There is no use in saying what you really know regarding her and her goings on. There is Diana Hunter—what a little haughty prude

it is; and yet *we* know stories about her which are not altogether edifying. I say it is best, for the sake of the good, that the bad should not all be found out. You don't want your children to know the history of that lady in the next box, who is so handsome, and whom they admire so. Ah me! what would life be if we were all found out, and punished for all our faults? Jack Ketch would be in permanence; and then who would hang Jack Ketch?

They talk of murders being pretty certainly found out. Psha! I have heard an authority awfully competent vow and declare that scores and hundreds of murders are committed, and nobody is the wiser. That terrible man mentioned one or two ways of committing murder, which he maintained were quite common, and were scarcely ever found out. A man, for instance, comes home to his wife and...but I pause—I know that this Magazine has a very large circulation. Hundreds and hundreds of thousands—why not say a million of people at once?—well, say a million read it. And amongst these countless readers, I might be teaching some monster how to make away with his wife without being found out, some fiend of a woman how to destroy her dear husband. I will *not* then tell this easy and simple way of murder, as communicated to me by a most respectable party in the confidence of private intercourse. Suppose some gentle reader were to try this most simple and easy receipt—it seems to be almost infallible—and come to grief in consequence, and be found out and hanged? Should I ever pardon myself for having been a means of doing injury to a single one of our esteemed subscribers?

The prescription whereof I speak—that is to say, whereof I *don't* speak—shall be buried in this bosom. No, I am a humane man. I am not one of your Bluebeards to go and say to my wife, "My dear! I am going away for a few days to Brighton. Here are all the keys of the house. You may open every door and closet, except the one at the end of the oak-room opposite the fireplace, with the little bronze Shakespeare on the mantelpiece (or what not)." I don't say this to a woman—unless, to be sure, I want to get rid of her—because, after such a caution, I know she'll peep into the closet. I say nothing about the closet at all. I keep the key in my pocket, and a being whom I love, but who, as I know, has many weaknesses, out of harm's way. You toss up your head, dear angel, drub on the ground with your lovely little feet, on the table with your sweet rosy fingers, and cry, "Oh, sneerer! You don't know the depth of woman's feeling, the lofty scorn of all deceit, the entire absence of mean curiosity in the sex, or never, never would you libel us so!" Ah, Delia! dear dear Delia! It is because I fancy I *do* know something about you (not all, mind—no, no; no man knows that)—Ah, my bride, my ringdove, my rose, my poppet—choose, in fact, whatever name you like—bulbul of my grove, fountain of my desert, sunshine of my darkling life, and joy of my dungeoned existence, it is because I *do* know a little about you that I conclude to say nothing of that private closet, and keep my key in my pocket. You take away that closet-key then, and the house-key. You lock Delia in. You keep her out of harm's way and gadding, and so she never *can* be found out.

And yet by little strange accidents and coincidences how we are being found out every day. You remember that old story of the Abbe Kakatoes, who told the company at supper one night how the first confession he ever received was—from a murderer, let us say. Presently enters to supper the Marquis de Croquemitaine. "Palsambleu, abbe !" says the Brilliant Marquis, taking a pinch of snuff, "are you here ? Gentlemen and ladies ! I was the abbe's first penitent, and I made him a confession which I promise you astonished him."

To be sure how queerly things are found out ! Here is an instance. Only the other day I was writing in these *Round about Papers* about a certain man, whom I facetiously called Baggs, and who had abused me to my friends, who of course told me. Shortly after that paper was published another friend—Sacks, let us call him—scowls fiercely at me as I am sitting in perfect good humor at the club, and passes on without speaking. A cut. A quarrel. Sacks think it is about him that I was writing : whereas, upon my honor and conscience, I never had him once in my mind, and was pointing my moral from quite another man. But don't you see, by this wrath of the guilty-conscienced Sacks, that he had been abusing me, too ? He has owned himself guilty, never having been accused. He had vinced when nobody thought of hitting him. I did but put the cap out, and madly butting and chafing, behold my friend rushes to put his head into it ! Never mind, Sacks, you are found out ; but I bear you no malice, my man.

And yet to be found out, I know from my own experience must be painful and odious, and cruelly mortifying to the inward vanity. Suppose I am a poltroon, let us say. With fierce mustache, loud talk, plentiful oaths, and an immense stick, I keep up nevertheless a character for courage. I swear fearfully at cabmen and women; brandish my bludgeon, and perhaps knock down a little man or two with it: brag of the images which I break at the shooting-gallery, and pass amongst my friends for a whiskey fire-eater, afraid of neither man nor dragon. Ah me! Suppose some brisk little chap steps up and gives me a caning in St. James's Street, with all the heads of my friends looking out of all the club windows. My reputation is gone. I frighten no man more. My nose is pulled by whipper-snappers, who jump up on a chair to reach it. I am found out. And in the days of my triumphs, when people were yet afraid of me, and were taken in by my swagger, I always knew that I was a lily-liver, and expected that I should be found out some day.

That certainty of being found out must haunt and depress many a bold braggadocio spirit. Let us say it is a clergyman, who can pump copious floods of tears out of his own eyes and those of his audience. He thinks to himself, "I am but a poor swindling chattering rogue. My bills are unpaid. I have jilted several women whom I have promised to marry. I don't know whether I believe what I preach, and know I have stolen the very sermon over which I have been snivelling. Have they found me out?" says he, as his head drops down on the cushion.

Then your writer, poet, historian, novalist, or what not? The *Beacon* says that "Jones's work is one of the first order." The *Lamp* declares that "Jones's tragedy surpasses every work since the days of Him of Avon." The *Comet* asserts that "J.'s *Life of Goody Twoshoes* is a *Ktnua es ael*, a noble and enduring monument to the fame of that admirable Englishwoman," and so forth. But then Jones knows that he has lent the critic of the *Beacon* five pounds; that his publisher has a half-share in the *Lamp*, and that the *Comet* comes repeatedly to dine with him. It is all very well. Jones is immortal until he is found out; and then down comes the extinguisher and the immortal is dead and buried. The idea (*dies iræ!*) of discovery must haunt many a man, and make him uneasy, as the trumpets are puffing in his triumph. Brown, who has a higher place than he deserves, cowers before Smith, who has found him out. What is a chorus of critics shouting "Bravo"?—a public clapping hands and flinging garlands? Brown knows that Smith has found him out. Puff, trumpets? Wave, banners, Huzza, boys, for the immortal Brown! "This is all very well," B. thinks (bowing the while, smiling laying his hand to his heart); "but there stands Smith at the window: *he* has measured me; and some day the others will find me out, too." It is a very curious sensation to sit by a man who has found you out, and who you know has found you out; or, *vice versa*, to sit with a man whom *you* have found out. His talent? Bah! His virtue? We know a little story or two about his virtue, and he knows we know it. We are thinking over friend Robinson's antecedents, as we grin

bow, end talk; and we are both humbugs together. Robinson a good fellow, is he ? You know how he behaved to Hicks ? A good-natured man, is he ? Pray do you remember that little story of Mrs. Robinson's black eye ? How men have to work, to talk, to smile, to go to bed, and try to sleep, with this dread of being found out on their consciences ! Bardolph, who has robbed a church, and Nym, who has taken a purse, go to their usual haunts, and smoke their pipes with their companions. Mr. Detective Bull's-eye appears, and says, "Oh, Bardolph, I want you about that there pyx business!" Mr. Bardolph knocks the ashes out of his pipe, puts out his hands to the little steel cuffs, and walks away quite meekly. He is found out. He must go. "Good-by, Doll Tearsheet ! Good-by, Mrs. Quickly, ma'am!" The other gentlemen and ladies *de la societe* look on and exchange mute adieux with the departing friends. And an assured time will come when the other gentlemen and ladies will be found out, too.

What a wonderful and beautiful provision of nature it has been that, for the most part, our womankind are not endowed with the faculty of finding us out ! *They* don't doubt. and probe, and, weigh and take your measure. Lay down this paper, my benevolent friend and reader, and go into your drawing-room now, and utter a joke ever so old, and I wager sixpence the ladies there will all begin to laugh. Go to Brown's house, and tell Mrs. Brown and the young ladies what you think of him, and see what a welcome you will get ! In like manner, let him come to your house, and tell *your* good lady his candid opinion of you,

and fancy how she will receive him! Would you have your wife and children know you exactly for what you are, and esteem you precisely at your worth? If so, my friend, you will live in a dreary house, and you will have but a chilly fireside. Do you suppose the people round it don't see your homely face as under a glamour, and, as it were, with a halo of love round it? You don't fancy you *are*, as you seem to them? No such thing, my man. Put away that monstrous conceit, and be thankful that *they* have not found you out.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

SHAKESPEARE AND THE GREEK POETS

The confusion of the present times is great, the multitude of voices counselling different things bewildering, the number of existing works capable of attracting a young writer's attention and of becoming his models, immense. What he wants is a hand to guide him through the confusion, a voice to prescribe to him the aim which he should keep in view, and to explain to him that the value of the literary works which offer themselves to his attention is relative to their power of helping him forward on his road towards this aim. Such a guide the English writer at the present day will nowhere find. Failing this, all that can be looked for, all indeed that can be desired, is, that his attention should be fixed on excellent models; that he may reproduce, at any rate, something of their excellence, by penetrating himself with their works and by catching their spirit, if he cannot be taught to produce what is excellent independently.

Foremost among these models for the English writer stands Shakespeare: a name the greatest perhaps of all poetical names; a name never to be mentioned without reverence. I will venture, however, to express a doubt, whether the influence of his works, excellent and fruitful for the readers of poetry, for the great majority, has been of unmixed advantage to the writers of it. Shakespeare indeed chose excellent subjects; the world could afford

no better than Macbeth, or Romeo and Juliet, or Othello; he had no theory respecting the necessity of choosing subjects of present import, or the paramount interest attaching to allegories of the state of one's own mind; like all great poets, he knew well what constituted a poetical action; like them, wherever he found such an action, he took it ; like them, too, he ound his best in past times. But to these general characteristics of all great poets he added a special one of his own; a gift, namely, of happy, abundant, and ingenious expression, eminent and unrivalled: so eminent as irresistibly to strike the attention first in him, and even to throw into comparative shade his other excellences as a poet. Here has been the mischief. These other excellences were his fundamental excellences *as a poet*; what distinguishes the artist from the mere amateur, says Goethe, is *Architectonice* in the highest sense; that power of execution which creates, forms, and constitutes: not the profoundness of single thoughts, not the richness of imagery, not the abundance of illustration. But these attractive accessories of a poetical work being more easily seized than the spirit of the whole, and these accessories being possessed by Shakespeare in an unequalled degree, a young writer having recourse to Shakespeare as his model runs great risk of being vanquished and absorbed by them, and, in consequence, of reproducing, according to the measure of his power, these, and these alone. Of this preponderating quality of Shakespeare's genius accordingly, almost the whole of modern English poetry has, it appears to

me, felt the influence. To the exclusive attention on the part of his imitators to this it is in a great degree owing, that of the majority of modern poetical works the details alone are valuable, the composition worthless. In reading them one is perpetually reminded of that terrible sentence on a modern French poet:—*Il dit tout ce qu'il veut, mais malheureusement il n'a rien a dire.*

Let me give an instance of what I mean. I will take it from the work of the very chief among those who seem to have been formed in the school of Shakespeare: of one whose exquisite genius and pathetic death render him for ever interesting. I will take the poem of Isabella, or the Pot of Basil, by Keats. I choose this rather than the Endymion, because the latter work, (which a modern critic has classed with the Fairy Queen !), although undoubtedly there blows through it the breath of genius, is yet as a whole so utterly incoherent, as not strictly to merit the name of a poem at all. The poem of Isabella, then, is a perfect treasure-house of graceful and felicitous words and images: almost in every stanza there occurs one of those vivid and picturesque turns of expression, by which the object is made to flash upon the eye of the mind, and which thrill the reader with a sudden delight. This one short poem contains, perhaps, a greater number of happy single expressions which one could quote than all the extant tragedies of Sophocles. But the action, the story ? The action in itself is an excellent one; but so feebly is it conceived by the poet, so loosely constructed, that the effect produced by it, in and for itself,

is absolutely null. Let the reader, after he has finished the poem of Keats, turn to the same story in the Decameron: he will then feel how pregnant and interesting the same action has become in the hands of a great artist, who above all things delineates his object; who subordinates expression to that which it is designed to express.

I have said that the imitators of Shakespeare, fixing their attention on his wonderful gift of expression, have directed their imitation to this, neglecting his other excellences. These excellences, the fundamental excellences of poetical art, Shakespeare no doubt possessed them,—possessed many of them in a splendid degree; but it may perhaps be doubted whether even he himself did not sometimes give scope to his faculty of expression to the prejudice of a higher poetical duty. For we must never forget that Shakespeare is the great poet he is from his skill in discerning and firmly conceiving an excellent action, from his power of intensely feeling a situation, of intimately associating himself with a character; not from his gift of expression, which rather even leads him astray, degenerating sometimes into a fondness for curiosity of expression, into an irritability of fancy, which seems to make it impossible for him to say a thing plainly, even when the press of the action demands the very directest language, or its level character the very simplest. Mr. Hallam, than whom it is impossible to find a saner and more judicious critic, has had the courage (for at the present day it needs courage) to remark, how extremely and faultily difficult Shakespeare's language often is. It

is so: you may find main scenes in some of his greatest tragedies, King Lear for instance, where the language is so artificial, so curiously tortured, and so difficult, that every speech has to be read two or three times before its meaning can be comprehended. This overcuriousness of expression is indeed but the excessive employment of a wonderful gift,—of the power of saying a thing in a happier way than any other man; nevertheless, it is carried so for that one understands what M. Guizot meant, when he said that Shakespeare appears in his language to have tried all styles except that of simplicity. He has not the severe and scrupulous self-restraint oft he ancients, partly no doubt, because he had a far less cultivated and exacting audience. He has indeed a far wider range than they had, a far richer fertility of thought; in this respect he rises above them. In his strong conception of his subject, in the genuine way in which he is penetrated with it, he resembles them, and is unlike the moderns. But in the accurate limitation of it, the conscientious rejection of superfluities, the simple and rigorous development of it from the first line of his work to the last, he falls below them, and comes nearer to the moderns. In his chief works, besides what he has of his own, he has their important actions and their large and broad manner; but he has not their purity of method. He is therefore a less safe model; for what he has of his own is personal, and inseparable from his own rich nature; it may be imitated and exaggerated, it cannot be learned or applied as an art; he is above all suggestive;

more valuable therefore to young writers as men than as artists. But clearness of arrangement, rigour of development, simplicity of style—these may to a certain extent be learned: and these may, I am convinced, be learned best from the ancients, who, although infinitely less suggestive than Shakespeare, are thus, to the artist, more instructive.

What then, it will be asked, are the ancients to be our sole models? the ancients with their comparatively narrow range of experience, and their widely different circumstances? Not certainly, that which is narrow in the ancients, nor that in which we can no longer sympathise. An action like the action of the Antigone of Sophocles, which turns upon the conflict between the heroine's duty to her brother's corpse and that to the laws of her country, is no longer one in which it is possible that we should feel a deep interest. I am speaking too, it will be remembered, not of the best sources of intellectual stimulus for the general reader, but of the best models of instruction for the individual writer. This last may certainly learn of the ancients, better than anywhere else, three things which it is vitally important for him to know:—the all importance of the choice of a subject; the necessity of accurate construction; and the subordinate character of expression. He will learn from them how unspeakably superior is the effect of the one moral impression left by a great action treated as a whole, to the effect produced by the most striking single thought or by the happiest image. As he penetrates into the spirit of

the great classical works, as he becomes gradually aware of their intense significance, their noble simplicity, and their calm pathos, he will be convinced that it is this effect, unity and profoundness of moral impression, at which the ancient poets aimed; that it is this which constitutes the grandeur of their works, and which makes them immortal. He will desire to direct his own efforts towards producing the same effect. Above all he will deliver himself from the jargon of modern criticism, and escape the danger of producing poetical works conceived in the spirit of the passing time, and which partake of its transitoriness.

The present age makes great claims upon us; we owe it service, it will not be satisfied without our admiration. I know not how it is, but their commerce with the ancients appears tome to produce, in those who constantly practise it, a steadying and composing effect upon their judgment, not of literary works only, but of men and events in general. They are like persons who have had a very weighty and impressive experience; they are more truly than others under the empire of facts, and more independent of the language current among those with whom they live. They wish neither to applaud nor to revile their age; they wish to know what it is what it can give them, and whether this is what they want. What they want, they know very well; they want to educe and cultivate what is best and noblest in themselves; they know, too, that this is no easy task—they ask themselves sincerely whether their age and its literature can assist

them in the attempt. If they are endeavouring to practise any art, they remember the plain and simple proceedings of the old artists, who attained their grand results by penetrating themselves with some noble and significant action, not by inflating themselves with a belief in the pre-eminent importance and greatness of their own times. They do not talk of their mission, nor of interpreting their age, nor of the coming Poet; all this, they know, is the mere delirium of vanity; their business is not to praise their age, but to afford to the men who live in it the highest pleasure which they are capable of feeling. If asked to afford this by means of subjects drawn from the age itself, they ask what special fitness the present age has for supplying them. They are told that it is an era of progress, an age commissioned to carry out the great ideas of industrial development and social amelioration. They reply that with all this they can do nothing; that the elements they need for the exercise of their art are great actions, calculated powerfully and delightfully to affect what is permanent in the human soul; that so far as the present age can supply such actions, they will gladly make use of them; but that an age wanting in moral grandeur can with difficulty supply such, and an age of spiritual discomfort with difficulty be powerfully and delightfully affected by them.

Two kinds of *dilettanti*, says Goethe, there are in poetry: he who neglects the indispensable mechanical part, and thinks he has done enough if he shows spirituality and feeling; and he who seeks to arrive at poetry merely

by mechanism, in which he can acquire an artisan's readiness, and is without soul and matter. And he adds, that the first does most harm to art, and the last to himself. If we must be *dilettanti*: if it is impossible for us, under the circumstances amidst which we live, to think clearly, to feel nobly, and to delineate firmly: if we cannot attain to the mastery of the great artists;—let us, at least, have so much respect for our art as to perfer it to ourselves. Let us not bewilder our successors; let us transmit to them the practice of poety, with its boundaries and wholesome regulative laws, under which excellent work may again, perhaps, at some future time, be produced, not yet fallen into oblivion through our neglect, not yet condemned and cancelled by the influence of their eternal enemy, caprice.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

ROADS

No amateur will deny that he can find more pleasure in a single drawing, over which he can sit a whole quiet forenoon, and so gradually study himself into humour with the artist, than he can ever extract from the dazzle and accumulation of incongruous impressions that send him, weary and stupefied, out of some famous picture-gallery. But what is thus admitted with regard to art is not extended to the (so-called) natural beauties : no amount of excess in sublime mountain outline or the graces of cultivated low-land can do anything, it is supposed, to weaken or degrade the palate. We are not at all sure, however, that moderation, and a regimen tolerably austere, even in scenery, are not healthful and strengthening to the taste ; and that the best school for a lover of nature is not to be found in one of those countries where there is no stage effect—nothing salient or sudden—but a quiet spirit of orderly and harmonious beauty pervades all the details, so that we can patiently attend to each of the little touches that strike in us, all of them together, the subdued note of the landscape. It is in scenery such as this that we find ourselves in the right temper to seek out small sequestered loveliness. The constant recurrence of similar combinations of colour and outline gradually forces upon us a sense of how the harmony has been built up, and we become familiar with something of nature's

mannerism. This is the true pleasure of your "rural voluptuary"—not to remain awe-stricken before a Mount Chimborazo; not to sit deafened over the big drum in the orchestra, but day by day to teach himself some new beauty—to experience some new vague and tranquil sensation that has before evaded him. It is not the people who "have pined and hungered after nature many a year, in the great city pent," as Coleridge said in the poem that made Charles Lamb so much ashamed of himself; it is not those who make the greatest progress in this intimacy with her, or who are most quick to see and have the greatest gusto to enjoy. In this, as in everything else, it is minute knowledge and long-continued loving industry that make the true dilettante. A man must have thought much over scenery before he begins fully to enjoy it. It is no youngling enthusiasm on hill-tops that can possess itself of the last essence of beauty. Probably most people's heads are growing bare before they can see all in a landscape that they have the capability of seeing; and, even then, it will be only for one little moment of consummation before the faculties are again on the decline, and they that look out of the windows begin to be darkened and restrained in sight. Thus the study of nature should be carried for ward thoroughly and with system. Every gratification should be rolled long under the tongue, and we should be always eager to analyse and compare, in order that we may be able to give some plausible reason for our admirations. True, it is difficult to put even approxi-

mately into words the kind of feelings thus called into play. There is a dangerous vice inherent in any such intellectual refining upon vague sensation. The analysis of such satisfactions lends itself very readily to literary affectations; and we can all think of instances where it has shown itself apt to exercise a morbid influence, even upon an author's choice of language and the turn of his sentences. And yet there is much that makes the attempt attractive; for any expression, however imperfect, once given to a cherished feeling, seems a sort of legitimation of the pleasure we take in it. A common sentiment is one of those great goods that make life palatable and ever new. The knowledge that another has felt as we have felt, and seen things, even if they are little things, not much otherwise than we have seen them, will continue to the end to be one of life's choicest pleasures.

Let the reader, then, betake himself in the spirit we have recommended to some of the quieter kinds of English landscape. In those homely and placid agricultural districts, familiarity will bring into relief many things worthy of notice, and urge them pleasantly home to him by a sort of loving repetition; such as the wonderful life-giving speed of windmill sails above the stationary country; the occurrence and recurrence of the same church tower at the end of one long vista after another: and, conspicuous among these sources of quiet pleasure, the character and variety of the road itself, along which he takes his way. Not only near at hand, in the lithe contortions with which it adapts itself to the interchanges of level and slope,

but far away also, when he sees a few hundred feet of it upheaved against a hill and shining in the afternoon sun, he will find it an object so changeful and enlivening that he can always pleasurably busy his mind about it. He may leave the riverside, or fall out of the way of villages, but the road he has always with him; and, in the true humour of observation, will find in that sufficient company. From its subtle windings and changes of level there arises a keen and continuous interest, that keeps the attention ever alert and cheerful. Every sensitive adjustment to the contour of the ground, every little dip and swerve, seems instinct with life and an exquisite sense of balance and beauty. The road rolls upon the easy slopes of the country, like a long ship in the hollows of the sea. The very margins of waste ground, as they trench a little farther on the beaten way, or recede again to the shetler of the hedge, have something of the same free delicacy of line—of the same swing and wilfulness. You might think for whole summer's day (and not have thought it any nearer an end by evening) what concourse and succession of circumstances has produced the least of these deflections; and it is, perhaps, just in this that we should look for the secret of their interest. A footpath across a meadow—in all its human waywardness and unaccountability, in all the *grata protervitas* of its varying direction—will always be more to us than a railroad well engineered through a difficult country. No reasoned sequence is thrust upon our attention: we seem to have slipped for one lawless little moment out of the iron rule of cause and

effect ; and so we revert at once to some of the pleasant old heresies of personification, always poetically orthodox, and attribute a sort of free will, an active and spontaneous life, to the white riband of road that lengthens out, and bends, and cunningly adapts itself to the inequalities of the land before our eyes. We remember, as we write, some miles of fine wide highway laid out with conscious aesthetic artifice through a broken and richly cultivated tract of country. It is said that the engineer had Hogarth's line of beauty in his mind as he laid them down. And the result is striking. One splendid satisfying sweep passes with easy transition into another, and there is nothing to trouble or dislocate the strong continuousness of the main line of the road. And yet there is something wanting. There is here no saving imperfection, none of those secondary curves and little trepidations of direction that carry, in natural roads, our curisoity actively along with them. One feels at once that this road has not grown like a natural road, but has been laborioulsy made to pattern ; and that, while a model may be academically correct in outline, it will always be inanimate and cold. The traveller is also aware of a sympathy of mood between himself and the road he travels. We have all seen ways that have wandered into heavy sand near the sea-coast, and trail wearily over the dunes like a trodden serpent : here we too must plod forward at a dull, laborious pace ; and so a sympathy is preserved between our frame of mind and the expression of the relaxed, heavy curves of the roadway. Such a phenomenon, indeed, our reason might

perhaps resolve with a little trouble. We might reflect that the present road had been developed out of a track spontaneously followed by generations of primitive wayfarers; and might see in its expression a testimony that those generations had been affected at the same ground, one after another in the same manner as are affected to-day. Or we might carry the reflection further, and remind ourselves that where the air is invigorating and the ground firm under the traveller's foot, his eye is quick to take advantage of small undulations, and he will turn carelessly aside from the direct way wherever there is anything beautiful to examine or some promise of a wider view; so that even a bush of wild roses may permanently bias and deform the straight path over the meadow; whereas, where the soil is heavy, one is preoccupied with the labour of mere progression, and goes with a bowed head heavily and unobservantly forward. Reason, however, will not carry us the whole way; for the sentiment often recurs in situations where it is very hard to imagine any possible explanation; and indeed, if we drive briskly along a good, well-made road in an open vehicle, we shall experience this sympathy almost at its fullest. We feel the sharp settle of the springs at some curiously twisted corner; after a steep ascent, the fresh air dances in our faces as we rattle precipitately down the other side, and we find it difficult to avoid attributing something headlong, a sort of *adandon*, to the road itself.

The mere winding of that path is enough to enliven a long day's walk in even a commonplace or dreary

country-side. Something that we have seen from miles back, upon an eminence, is so long hid from us, as we wander through folded valleys or among woods, that our expectation of seeing it again is sharpened into a violent appetite, and as we draw nearer we impatiently quicken our steps and turn every corner with a beating heart. It is through these prolongations of expectancy, this succession of one hope to another, that we live out long seasons of pleasure in a few hours' walk. It is in following these capricious sinuosities that we learn, only bit by bit and through one coquettish reticence after another, much as we learn the heart of a friend, the whole loveliness of the country. This disposition always preserves something new to be seen, and takes us, like a careful cicerone, to many different points of distant view before it allows us finally to approach the hoped-for destination.

In its connection with the traffic, and whole friendly intercourse with the country, there is something very pleasant in that succession of saunterers and brisk and business-like passers-by, that peoples our ways and helps to build up what Walt Whitman calls "the cheerful voice of the public roads, the gay, fresh sentiment of the road." But out of the great network of ways that binds all life together from the hill farm to the city, there is something individual to most, and, on the whole, nearly as much choice on the score of company as on the score of beauty or easy travel. On some we are never long without the sound of wheels, and folk pass us by so thickly that we we lose the sense of their number. But on others, about

little-frequented districts, a meeting is an affair of moment ; we have the sight far off of someone coming towards us, the growing definiteness of the person, and then the brief passage and salutation, and the road left empty in front of us for perhaps a great while to come. Such encounters have a wistful interest that can hardly be understood by the dweller in places more populous. We remember standing beside a countryman once, in the mouth of a quiet by-street in a city that was more than ordinarily crowded and bustling ; he seemed stunned and bewildered by the continual passage of different faces ; and after a long pause, during which he appeared to search for some suitable expression, he said timidly that there seemed to be a *great deal of meeting thereabouts*. The phrase is significant. It is the expression of town-life in the language of the long, solitary country highways. A meeting of one with one was what this man had been used to in the pastoral uplands from which he came ; and the concourse of the streets was in his eyes only an extraordinary multiplication of such "meetings."

And now we come to that last and most subtle quality of all, to that sense of prospect, of outlook, that is brought so powerfully to our minds by a road. In real nature as well as in old landscapes, beneath that impartial daylight in which a whole variegated plain is plunged and saturated, the line of the road leads the eye forth with the vague sense of desire up to the green limit of the horizon. Travel is brought home to us, and we visit in spirit every grove and hamlet that tempts us in the distance. *Sehn-*

sucht—the passion for what is ever beyond—is livingly expressed in that white riband of possible travel that severs the uneven country; not a ploughman following his plough up the shining furrow, not the blue smoke of any cottage in a hollow, but is brought to us with a sense of nearness and attainability by this wavering line of junction. There is a passionate paragraph in *Werther* that strikes the very key. "When I came hither," he writes, "how the beautiful valley invited me on every side, as I gazed down into it from the hill-top! There the wood—ah, that I might mingle in its shadows! there the mountain summits—ah, that I might look down from them over the broad country! the interlinked hills; the secret valleys! O, to lose myself among their mysteries! I hurried into the midst, and came back without finding aught I hoped for. Alas! the distance is like the future. A vast whole lies in the twilight before our spirit; sight and feeling alike plunge and lose themselves in the prospect, and we yearn to surrender our whole being, and let it be filled full with all the rapture of one single glorious sensation! and alas! when we hasten to the fruition, when *there* is changed to *here*, all is afterwards as it was before, and we stand in our indigent and cramped estate, and our soul thirsts after a still ebbing elixir." It is to this wandering and uneasy spirit of anticipation that roads minister. Every little vista, every little glimpse that we have of what lies before us, gives the impatient imagination rein, so that it can outstrip the body and already plunge into the shadow of the woods, and over-

look from the hill-top the plain beyond it, and wander in the windings of the valleys that are still far in front. The road is already there—we shall not be long behind. It is as if we were marching with the rear of a great army, and, from far before, heard the acclamation of the people as the vanguard entered some friendly and jubilant city. Would not every man, through all the long miles of march, feel as if also were within the gates ?

WALKING TOURS

It must not be imagined that a walking tour, as some would have us fancy, is merely a better or worse way of seeing the country. There are many ways of seeing landscape quite as good; and none more vivid, in spite of canting dilettantes, than from a railway train. But landscape on a walking tour is quite accessory. He who is indeed of the brotherhood does not voyage in quest of the picturesque, but of certain jolly humours—of the hope and spirit with which the march begins at morning, and the peace and spiritual repletion of the evening's rest. He cannot tell whether he puts his knapsack on, or takes it off, with more delight. The excitement of the departure puts him in key for that of the arrival. Whatever he does is not only a reward in itself, but will be further rewarded in the sequel; and so pleasure leads on to pleasure in an endless chain. It is this that so few can understand; they will either be always lounging or always at five miles an hour; they do not play off the

one against the other, prepare all day for the evening, and all evening for the next day. And, above all, it is here that your overwalker fails of comprehension. His heart rises against those who drink their curacoa in liqueur glasses, when he himself can swill it in a brown John. He will not believe that the flavour is more delicate in the smaller dose. He will not believe that to walk this unconscionable distance is merely to stupefy and brutalise himself, and come to his inn, at night, with a sort of frost on his five wits, and a starless night of darkness in his spirit. Not for him the mild luminous evening of the temperate walker! He has nothing left of man but a physical need for bedtime and a double night-cap; and even his pipe, if he be a smoker, will be savourless and disenchanted. It is the fate of such an one to take twice as much trouble as is needed to obtain happiness, and miss the happiness in the end; he is the man of the proverb, in short, who goes further and fares worse.

Now, to be properly enjoyed, a walking tour should be gone upon alone. If you go in a company, or even in pairs, it is no longer a walking tour in anything but name; it is something else and more in the nature of a a picnic. A walking tour should be gone upon alone, because freedom is of the essence! because you should be able to stop and go on, and follow this way or that, as the freak takes you; and because you must have your own pace, and neither trot alongside a champion walker, nor mince in time with a girl. And then you must be open to all impressions and let your thoughts take colour

from what you see. You should be as a pipe for any wind to play upon. "I cannot see the wit," says Hazlitt, "of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country I wish to vegetate like the country,"—which is the gist of all that can be said upon the matter. There should be no cackle of voices at your elbow, to jar on the meditative silence of the morning. And so long as a man is reasoning he cannot surrender himself to that fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air, that begins in a sort of dazzle and sluggishness of the brain, and end in a peace that passes comprehension.

During the first day or so of any tour there are moments of bitterness, when the traveller feels more than coldly towards his knapsack, when he is half in a mind to throw it bodily over the hedge and, like Christian on a similar occasion, "give three leaps and go on singing." And yet it soon acquires a property of easiness. It becomes magnetic; the spirit of the journey enters into it. And no sooner have you passed the straps over your shoulder than the lees of sleep are cleared from you, you pull yourself together with a shake, and fall at once into your stride. And surely, of all possible moods, this, in which a man takes the road, is the best. Of course, if he *will* keep thinking of his anxieties, if he *will* open the merchant Abudah's chest and walk arm-in-arm with the hag—why, wherever he is, and wheather he walk fast or slow, the chances are that he will not be happy. And so much the more shame to himself! There are perhaps thirty men setting forth at that same hour, and I would lay a

large wager there is not another dull face among the thirty. It would be a fine thing to follow, in a coat of darkness, one after another of these wayfarers, some summer morning, for the first few miles upon the road. This one, who walks fast, with a keen look in his eyes, is all concentrated in his own mind; he is up at his loom, weaving and weaving, to set the landscape to words. This one peers about, as he goes, among the grasses; he waits by the canal to watch the dragon-flies; he leans on the gate of the pasture, and cannot look enough upon the complacent kine. And here comes another, talking, laughing, and gesticulating to himself. His face changes from time to time, as indignation flashes from his eyes or anger clouds his forehead. He is composing articles, delivering orations, and conducting the most impassioned interviews, by the way. A little farther on, and it is as like as not he will begin to sing. And well for him, supposing him to be no great master in that art, if he stumble across no stolid peasant at a corner; for on such an occasion, I scarcely know which is the more troubled, or whether it is worse to suffer the confusion of your troubadour, or the unfeigned alarm of your clown. A sedentary population, accustomed, be-besides, to the strange mechanical bearing of the common tramp, can in no wise explain to itself the gaiety of these passers-by. I knew one man who was arrested as a runaway lunatic, because, although a full-grown person with a red beard, he skipped as he went like a child. And you would be astonished if I were to tell you all the grave and learned heads who have confessed

to me that, when on walking tours, they sang—and sang very ill—and had a pair of red ears when, as described above, the inauspicious peasant plumped into their arms from round a corner. And here, lest you should think I am exaggerating, is Hazlitt's own confession, from his essay *On Going a Journey*, which is so good that there should be a tax levied on all who have not read it :—

"Give me the clear blue sky over my head," says he, "and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking ! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy."

Bravo ! After that adventure of my friend with the policeman, you would not have cared, would you, to publish that in the first person ? But we have no bravery nowadays, and, even in books, must all pretend to be as dull and foolish as our neighbours. It was not so with Hazlitt. And notice how learned he is (as, indeed, throughout the essay) in the theory of walking tours. He is none of your athletic men in purple stockings, who walk their fifty miles a day: three hours' march is his ideal. And then he must have a winding road, the epicure !

Yet there is one thing I object to in these words of his, one thing in the great master's practice that seems to me not wholly wise. I do not approve of that leaping and running. Both of these hurry the respiration ; they both shake up the brain out of its glorious open-air confusion ; and they both break the pace. Uneven walking is not so agreeable to the body, and it distracts and irritates

the mind. Whereas, when once you have fallen into an equable stride, it requires no conscious thought from you to keep it up, and yet it prevents you from thinking earnestly of anything else. Like knitting, like the work of a copying clerk, it gradually neutralises and sets to sleep the serious activity of the mind. We can think of this or that, lightly and laughingly, as a child thinks, or as we think in a morning doze ; we can make puns or puzzle out acrostics, and trifle in a thousand ways with words and rhymes ; but when it comes to honest work, when we come to gather ourselves together for an effort, we may sound the trumpet as loud and long as we please; the great barons of the mind will not rally to the standard, but sit, each one, at home, warming his hands over his own fire and brooding on his own private thought !

In the course of a day's walk, you see, there is much variance in the mood. From the exhilaration of the start, to the happy phlegm of the arrival, the change is certainly great. As the day goes on, the traveller moves from the one extreme towards the other. He becomes more and more incorporated with the material landscape, and the open-air drunkenness grows upon him with great strides, until he posts along the road, and sees everything about him, as in a cheerful dream. The first is certainly brighter, but the second stage is the more peaceful. A man does not make so many articles towards the end, nor does he laugh aloud; but the purely animal pleasures, the sense of physical well-being, the delight

of every inhalation, of every time the muscles tighten down the thigh, console him for the absence of the others, and bring him to his destination still content.

Nor must I forget to say a word on bivouacs. You come to a milestone on a hill, or some place where deep ways meet under trees ; and off goes the knapsack, and down you sit to smoke a pipe in the shade. You sink into yourself, and the birds come round and look at you ; and your smoke dissipates upon the afternoon under the blue dome of heaven ; and the sun lies warm upon your feet, and the cool air visits your neck and turns aside your open shirt. If you are not happy, you must have an evil conscience. You may dally as long as you like by the roadside. It is almost as if the millennium were arrived, when we shall throw our clocks and watches over the housetop, and remember time and seasons no more. Not to keep hours for a life-time is, I was going to say, to live for ever. You have no idea, unless you have tried it, how endlessly long is a summer's day, that you measure out only by hunger, and bring to an end only when you are drowsy. I know a village where there are hardly any clocks, where no one knows more of the days of the week than by a sort of instinct for the fete on Sundays, and where only one person can tell you the day of the month, and she is generally wrong ; and if people were aware how slow Time journeyed in that village, and what armfuls of spare hours he gives, over and above the bargain, to its wise inhabitants I believe there would be a stampede out of London,

Liverpool, Paris, and a variety of large towns, where the clocks lose their heads, and shake the hours out each one faster than the other, as though they were all in a wager. And all these foolish pilgrims would each bring his own misery along with him, in a watch-pocket! It is to be noticed, there were no clocks and watches in the much-vaunted days before the flood. It follows, of course there were no appointments, and punctuality was not yet thought upon. "Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure," says Milton, "he has yet one jewel left; ye cannot deprive him of his covetousness." And so I would say of a modern man of business, you may do what you will for him, put him in Eden, give him the elixir of life—he has still a flaw at heart, he still has his business habits. Now, there is no time when business habits are more mitigated than on a walking tour. And so during these halts, as I say, you will feel almost free.

But it is at night, and after dinner, that the best hour comes. There are no such pipes to be smoked as those that follow a good day's march; the flavour of the tobacco is a thing to be remembered, it is so dry and aromatic, so full and so fine. If you wind up the evening with grog, you will own there was never such grog; at every sip a jocund tranquillity spreads about your limbs, and sits easily in your heart. If you read a book—and you will never do so save by fits and starts—you find the language strangely racy and harmonious; words take a new meaning; single sentences possess the ear for half an hour together; and the writer endears himself to you,

at every page, by the nicest coincidence of sentiment. It seems as if it were a book you had written yourself in a dream. To all we have read on such occasions we look back with special favour. "It was on the 10th of April, 1798," says Hazlitt, with amorous precision, "that I sat down to a volume of the new *Heloise*, at the Inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken," I should wish to quote more, for though we are mighty fine fellows nowadays, we cannot write like Hazlitt. And, talking of that, a volume of Hazlitt's essays would be a capital pocket-book on such a journey ; so would a volume of Heine's songs ; and for *Tristram Shandy* I can pledge a fair experience.

If the evening be fine and warm, there is nothing better in life than to lounge before the inn door in the sunset, or lean over the parapet of the bridge, to watch the weeds and quick fishes. It is then, if ever, that you taste Joviality to the full significance of that audacious word. Your muscles are so agreeably slack, you feel so clean and so strong and so idle, that whether you move or sit still, whatever you do is done with pride and a kingly sort of pleasure. You fall in talk with anyone, wise or foolish, drunk or sober. And it seems as if a hot walk purged you, more than of anything else, of all narrowness and pride, and left curiosity to play its part freely, as in a child or a man of science. You lay aside all your own hobbies, to watch provincial humours develop themselves before you, now as a laughable farce, and now grave and beautiful like an old tale.

Or perhaps you are left to your own company for the night, and surly weather imprisons you by the fire. You may remember how Burns, numbering past pleasures, dwells upon the hours when he has been "happy thinking." It is a phrase that may well perplex a poor modern, girt about on every side by clocks and chimes, and haunted, even at night, by flaming dialplates. For we are all so busy, and have so many far-off projects to realise, and castles in the fire to turn into solid habitable mansions on a gravel soil, that we can find no time for pleasure trips into the Land of Thought and among the Hills of Vanity. Changed times, indeed, when we must sit all night, beside the fire, with folded hands; and a changed world for most of us, when we find we can pass the hours without discontent, and be happy thinking. We are in such haste to be doing, to be writing, to be gathering gear, to make our voice audible a moment in the derisive silence of eternity, that we forget that one thing, of which these are but the parts—namely, to live. We fall in love, we drink hard, we run to and fro upon the earth like frightened sheep. And now you are to ask yourself if, when all is done, you would not have been better to sit by the fire at home, and be happy thinking. To sit still and contemplate,—to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased by the great deeds of men without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are—is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness? After all, it is not they who carry flags,

but they who look upon it from a private chamber, who have the fun of the procession. And once you are at that, you are in the very humour of all social heresy. It is no time for shuffling, or for big, empty words. If you ask yourself what you mean by fame, riches, or learning, the answer is far to seek ; and you go back into that kingdom of light imaginations, which seem so vain in the eyes of Philistines perspiring after wealth, and so momentous to those who are stricken with disproportions of the world, and, in the face of the gigantic stars, cannot stop to split differences between two degrees of the infinitesimally small, such as a tobacco pipe or the Roman Empire, a million of money or a fiddle stick's end.

You lean from the window, your last pipe reeking whitely into the darkness, your body full of delicious pains, your mind enthrowned in the seventh circle of content, when suddenly the mood changes, the weather-cock goes about, and you ask yourself one question more : whether, for the interval, you have been the wisest philosopher or the most egregious of donkeys ? Human experience is not yet able to reply; but at least you have had a fine moment, and looked down upon all the kingdoms of the earth. And whether it was wise or foolish, tomorrow's travel will carry you, body and mind, into some different parish of the infinite.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

MACHINES AND THE EMOTIONS

WILL machines destroy emotions, or will emotions destroy machines? This question was suggested long ago by Samuel Butler in *Erewhon*, but it is growing more and more actual as the empire of machinery is enlarged.

At first sight, it is not obvious why there should be any opposition between machines and emotions. Every normal boy loves machines; the bigger and more powerful they are, the more he loves them. Nations which have a long tradition of artistic excellence, like the Japanese, are captivated by Western mechanical methods as soon as they come across them, and long only to imitate us as quickly as possible. Nothing annoys an educated and travelled Asiatic so much as to hear praise of "the wisdom of the East" or the traditional virtues of Asiatic civilization. He feels as a boy would feel who was told to play with dolls instead of toy automobiles. And like a boy, he would prefer a real automobile to a toy one, not realizing that it may run over him.

In the West, when machinery was new, there was the same delight in it, except on the part of a few poets and aesthetes. The nineteenth century considered itself superior to its predecessors chiefly because of its mechanical progress. Peacock, in its early years, makes fun of the "steam intellect society," because he is a literary

man, to whom the Greek and Latin authors represent civilization ; but he is conscious of being out of touch with the prevailing tendencies of his time. Rousseau's disciples with the return to Nature, the Lake Poets with their mediaevalism, William Morris with his *News from Nowhere* (a country where it is always June and everybody is engaged in haymaking), all represent a purely sentimental and essentially reactionary opposition to machinery. Samuel Butler was the first man to apprehend intellectually the nonsentimental case against machines, but in him it may have been no more than a *jeu d'esprit*—certainly it was not a deeply held conviction. Since his day numbers of people in the most mechanized nations have been tending to adopt in earnest a view similar to that of the Erewhōnians ; this view, that is to say, has been latent or explicit in the attitude of many rebels against existing industrial methods.

Machines are worshipped because they are beautiful, and valued because they confer power ; they are hated because they are hideous, and loathed because they impose slavery. Do not let us suppose that one of these attitudes is "right" and the other "wrong," any more than it would be right to maintain that men have heads but wrong to maintain that they have feet, though we can easily imagine Lilliputians disputing this question concerning Gulliver. A machine is like a Djinn in the Arabian Nights : beautiful and beneficent to its master, but hideous and terrible to his enemies. But in our day nothing is allowed to show itself with such naked

simplicity. The master of the machine, it is true, lives at a distance from it, where he cannot hear its noise or see its unsightly heaps of slag or smell its noxious fumes ; if he ever sees it, the occasion is before it is installed in use when he can admire its force or its delicate precision without being troubled by dust and heat. But when he is challenged to consider the machine from the point of view of those who have to live with it and work it, he has a ready answer. He can point out that, owing to its operations, these men can purchase more goods—often vastly more—than their great-grandfathers could. It follows that they must be happier than their great-grandfathers—if we are to accept an assumption which is made by almost every one.

The assumption is, that the possession of material commodities is what makes men happy. It is thought that a man who has two rooms and two beds and two loaves must be twice as happy as a man who has one room and one bed and one loaf. In a word, it is thought that happiness is proportional to income.

A few people, not always quite sincerely, challenge this idea in the name of religion or morality ; but they are glad if they increase their income by the eloquence of their preaching. It is not from a moral or religious point of view that I wish to challenge it ; it is from the point of view of psychology and observation of life. If happiness is proportional to income, the case for machinery is unanswerable; if not, the whole question remains to be examined.

Men have physical needs, and they have emotions. While physical needs are unsatisfied, they take first place; but when they are satisfied, emotions unconnected with them become important in deciding whether a man is to be happy or unhappy. In modern industrial communities there are many men, women, and children whose bare physical needs are not adequately supplied; as regards them, I do not deny that the first requisite for happiness is an increase of income. But they are a minority, and it would not be difficult to give the bare necessaries of life to all of them. It is not of them that I wish to speak, but of those who have more than is necessary to support existence—not only those who have much more, but also those who have only a little more.

Why do we, in fact, almost all of us, desire to increase our incomes? It may seem, at first sight, as though material goods were what we desire. But, in fact, we desire these mainly in order to impress our neighbours. When a man moves into a larger house in a more genteel quarter, he reflects that "better" people will call on his wife, and some unprosperous cronies of former days can be dropped. When he sends his son to a good school or an expensive university, he consoles himself for the heavy fees by thoughts of the social kudos to be gained. In every big city, whether of Europe or of America, houses in some districts are more expensive than equally good houses in other districts, merely because they are more fashionable. One of the most powerful of all our passions is the desire to be admired and respected. As

things stand, admiration and respect are given to the man who seems to be rich. This is the chief reason why people wish to be rich. The actual goods purchased by their money play quite a secondary part. Take, for example, a millionaire who cannot tell one picture from another, but has acquired a gallery of old masters by the help of experts. The only pleasure he derives from his pictures is the thought that others know how much they have cost; he would derive more direct enjoyment from sentimental chromos out of Christmas numbers, but he would not obtain the same satisfaction for his vanity.

All this might be different, and has been different in many societies. In aristocratic epochs, men have been admired for their birth. In some circles in Paris, men are admired for their artistic or literary excellence, strange as it may seem. In a German university, a man may actually be admired for his learning. In India saints are admired; in China, sages. The study of these differing societies shows the correctness of our analysis, for in all of them we find a large percentage of men who are indifferent to money so long as they have enough to keep alive on, but are keenly desirous of the merits by which, in their environment, respect is to be won.

The importance of these facts lies in this, that the modern desire for wealth is not inherent in human nature, and could be destroyed by different social institutions. If, by law, we all had exactly the same

income, we should have to seek some other way of being superior to our neighbours, and most of our present craving for material possessions would cease. Moreover, since this craving is in the nature of a competition, it only brings happiness when we out-distance a rival, to whom it brings correlative pain. A general increase of wealth gives no competitive advantage, and therefore brings no competitive happiness. There is, of coure, *some* pleasure derived from the actual enjoyment of goods purchased, but, as we have seen, this is a very small part of what makes us desire wealth. And in so far as our desire is com petitive, no increase of human happiness as a whole comes from increase of wealth, whether general or particular.

If we are to argue that machinery increases happiness, therefore, the increase of material prosperity which it brings cannot weigh very heavily in its favour, except in so far as it may be used to prevent absolute destitution. But there is no inherent reason why it should be so used. Destitution can be prevented without machinery where the population is stationary ; of this France may serve as an example, since there is very little destitution and much less machinery than in America, England, or pre-war Germany. Conversely, there may be much destitution where there is much machinery ; of this we have examples in the industrial areas of England a hundred years ago and of Japan at the present day. The prevention of destitution does

not depend upon machines, but upon quite other factors —partly density of population, and partly political conditions. And apart from prevention of destitution, the value of increasing wealth is not very great.

Meanwhile, machines deprive us of two things which are certainly important ingredients of human happiness, namely, spontaneity and variety. Machines have their own pace, and their own insistent demands : a man who has expensive plant must keep it working. The great trouble with the machine, from the point of view of the emotions, is its *regularity*. And, of course, conversely, the great objection to the emotions, from the point of view of the machine, is their *irregularity*. As the machine dominates the thoughts of people who consider themselves "serious," the highest praise they can give to a man is to suggest that he has the qualities of a machine—that he is reliable, punctual, exact, etc. And an "irregular" life has come to be synonymous with a bad life. Against this point of view Bergson's philosophy was a protest—not, to my mind, wholly sound from an intellectual point of view but inspired by a wholesome dread of seeing men turned more and more into machines.

In life, as opposed to thought, the rebellion of our instincts against enslavement to mechanism has hitherto taken a most unfortunate direction. The impulse to war has always existed since men took to living in societies, but it did not, in the past, have the same intensity of virulence as it has in our day. In the eighteenth

century, England and France had innumerable wars, and contended for the hegemony of the world ; but they liked and respected each other the whole time. Officer prisoners joined in the social life of their captors, and were honoured guests at their dinner-parties. At the beginning of our war with Holland in 1665, a man came home from Africa with atrocity stories about the Dutch there ; we (the British) persuaded ourselves that his story was false, punished him, and published the Dutch denial. In the late war we should have knighted him, and imprisoned anyone who threw doubt on his veracity. The greater ferocity of modern war is attributable to machines, which operate in three different ways. First, they make it possible to have larger armies. Secondly, they facilitate a cheap Press, which flourishes by appealing to men's baser passions. Thirdly—and this is the point that concerns us—they starve the anarchic, spontaneous side of human nature, which works underground, producing an obscure discontent, to which the thought of war appeals as affording possible relief. It is a mistake to attribute a vast upheaval like the late war merely to the machinations of politicians. In Russia, perhaps, such an explanation would have been adequate ; that is one reason why Russia fought half-heartedly, and made a revolution to secure peace. But in England, Germany, and the United States (in 1917), no Government could have withstood the popular demand for war. A popular demand of this sort must have an instinctive basis, and for my part I believe that the modern

increase in warlike instinct is attributable to the dissatisfaction (mostly unconscious) caused by the regularity, monotony, and tameness of modern life.)

It is obvious that we cannot deal with this situation by abolishing machinery. Such a measure would be reactionary, and is in any case impracticable. The only way of avoiding the evils at present associated with machinery is to provide breaks in the monotony, with every encouragement to high adventure during the intervals. Many men would cease to desire war if they had opportunities to risk their lives in Alpine climbing; one of the ablest and most vigorous workers for peace that it has been my good fortune to know habitually spent his summer climbing the most dangerous peaks in the Alps. If every working man had a month in the year during which, if he chose, he could be taught to work an aeroplane, or encouraged to hunt for sapphires in the Sahara, or otherwise enabled to engage in some dangerous and exciting pursuit involving quick personal initiative, the popular love of war would become confined to women and invalids. I confess I know no method of making these classes pacific, but I am convinced that a scientific phychology would find a method if it undertook the task in earnest.

Machines have altered our way of life, but not our instincts. Consequently there is maladjustment. The whole psychology of the emotions and instincts is as yet in its infancy; a beginning has been made by psychoanalysis, but only a beginning. What we may

accept from psycho-analysis is the fact that people will, in action, pursue various ends which they do not *consciously* desire, and will have an attendant set of quite irrational beliefs which enable them to pursue these ends without knowing that they are doing so. But orthodox psycho-analysis has unduly simplified our unconscious purposes, which are numerous, and differ from one person to another. It is to be hoped that social and political phenomena will soon come to be understood from this point of view, and will thus throw light on average human nature.

Moral self-control, and external prohibition of harmful acts, are not adequate methods of dealing with our anarchic instincts. The reason they are inadequate is that these instincts are capable of as many disguises as the Devil in mediaeval legend, and some of these disguises deceive even the elect. The only adequate method is to discover what are the needs of our instinctive nature, and then to search for the least harmful way of satisfying them. Since spontaneity is what is most thwarted by machines, the only thing that can be *provided* is opportunity ; the use made of opportunity must be left to the initiative of the individual. No doubt considerable expense would be involved ; but it would not be comparable to the expense of war. Understanding of human nature must be the basis of any real improvement in human life. Science has done wonders in mastering the laws of the physical world, but our own nature is much less understood, as yet, than the nature

of stars and electrons. When science learns to understand human nature it will be able to bring a happiness into our lives which machines and the physical sciences have failed to create.

ERNEST BARKER

ON NATIONALISM AND ITS VIRTUES AND VICES

It is curious how patriotism and nationalism tend to become an appanage of the political Right, and a bugbear of the political Left. It is more than curious—it is tragic—that they tend to become a grave in which the individual must bury his power of living his own life, or a battle-ground on which he must perish in their name and for their sake. The love of the natal soil, which is the definition of patriotism, would seem to be something which both Right and Left can share ; and the thought of its hills and valleys and familiar smiling face should suggest the goodness of living and growing rather than the necessity of sacrifice or death. The sense of the breed of men to which one belongs, which is the definition of nationalism, should similarly be a common link ; and the idea of its general achievement in all the fields of the mind (which has been the making and is now the being of the breed) should be the spur to a new internal growth and a fresh internal activity. It is the entry of comparisons —the awareness of other natal soils and other breeds— which produces a change. It introduces the motives which Hobbes called by the names of competition, diffidence (in the sense of distrust), and glory. These motives put soils and breeds in the state and posture of gladiators towards one another. They may also lead to internal

dissension within each soil and among each breed. A party of the Right may summon adherents with a clarion to defend the soil and exalt the breed. A party of the Left, feeling that the summons is a distraction, and even a calculated distraction, from the real duty of improving the soil and bettering the breed, will go into opposition, and denounce the flamboyance of patriotism and the aggressions of nationalism.

It has been said that feudalism was not a disease. It may be equally said that nationalism is not a disease: on the contrary, it is one of the things which make life worth living, one of the values which men (at any rate in their present constitution and with their present habit of life) must necessarily acknowledge. But it must be admitted that feudalism, if it was not a disease, was prone to disease, and died of disease; and it must equally be admitted that nationalism too, even if it is not a disease, is liable to it and may conceivably die from it. We see the disease to-day: *crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops*. But it is not clear that the disease is universal, though it is certainly widespread; nor is it clear that it is an inevitable consequence of the constitution of nationalism. There is, after all, a healthy nationalism which has claims and a title to life. A man would be a little thing without the substance of the nation around him and in him; he would be hollow unless he were filled and sustained by something of its legend (by which we in our country perhaps set too little store), its literature, its art and its architecture, its particular variety of religious experience,

its general treasures of achievement. There are few expressions of the human mind which have not some national colour. Music perhaps is the purest ; but even in music (and especially in the music of the voice) the nations have their own dialects. Nationalism, so universally present, so colouring, so sustaining, is a thing of value in human life ; and we might even be tempted (as some nations are tempted) to call it a value behind the values, were not the phrase so dangerous, and so easily perverted into a false sense, that it had far better be avoided. Nationalism is not the ultimate which determines for each nation what shall be good for *it*, what shall be true for *it*, what shall be beautiful for *it*; nor are goodness and truth and beauty subordinate to the nation. Nationalism is not a value behind values, in the sense that it transcends values, and differentiates them for each nation : it is rather a colour or tinge behind values (which themselves are common to all humanity) colouring and tincturing the common line and the common design with its own light ; adding but not creating ; differentiating the hue but not the nature of whatsoever it touches.

Colour matters, but colour is not everything, as our untutored taste too readily assumes. The essential memory which we retain of a great picture is memory of the design and line. And yet that memory would never have been recorded unless there had been some charm and wonder of colour to draw the attention and fix the impression. The same is true of national colouring. It is the colouring of added grace : it is of the nature

of what the old grammar books called an *epitheton ornans* : it is something adjectival to the essential thing, which conciliates attention and even affection. Those who feel (and they are not a few) that 'nationalism is the enemy' would banish colour in order to get line clear : they would sacrifice individual variations (each tending to claim that it is perfection) in order to reveal the pure design of the common reason of man. Shelley united this feeling with a cult of individuality so strong that it ran into anarchism (and indeed the longing for the cosmopolis has often a lively individualism for its bedfellow), celebrating man released from the bondage of many colours,

> Uncircumscribed, but man ;
> Equal, unclassed, tribeless and nationless.

This banishing of colour has a Platonic quality. But to seek to banish the colour of the nation is to fail to reckon with the factor of emotion : it is also to fail to take into account the carrying power of emotion, when it attaches itself to values and ideals. Shelley had a passion for liberty and equality ; but they would never have been carried as far as they were in the space of his lifetime if the emotion of French nationalism had not attached itself to their proclamation. Our modern doubts about the quality of nationalism are the result of a natural reaction against those who hold, and seek to enforce, the doctrine that colour is everything : who begin and end with the idea of 'our breed,' deducing from it and referring to it law, ethics and religion itself, as well as the structure of politics and the system of economics. The

extravagances of this pan-nationalism bring discredit on the very notion of national colour. Yet an uncoloured world would be grey ; and colours can blend in a harmony, as well as clash in a discord.

It is difficult to see what other bond than the bond of nationalism will hold a great society together in a permanent system of unity. A sense of common economic interest has not, in itself, that power ; and even the longing for peace, which all men acutely feel, is not by itself sufficient to produce what it longs to enjoy. Democracy, of all forms of government, is most dependent on the existence of this bond of nationalism : it presupposes a society so nerved by the will to agree that its members can agree to differ and to debate their differences. But an uncensored nationalism still stands at the bar of judgment. The English have been fortunate (it has not been their own merit) in the presence of a constant censorship. Their nationalism has had to make its peace, and still has to make its peace, with the nationalisms of Scotland and of Wales. That was an initial lesson in the doctrine that one's own colour is not everything ; that it needs its complements ; and that different colours can prove to be complementary. The lesson has been carried further. The British Commonwealth at large is a commonwealth of nations. Each has its own nationalism : in some nationalism may be said to be tugging at the reins—so far as any reins now exist. India herself, fundamentally different and yet not disjoined (nor likely to be disjoined, if only the sense and practice of mutual

concession continue to grow), is already a nation, and rapidly becoming a partner of the other nations. All this is liberal education in the practice of self-censorship. We are educated by the fact that we are but a part of something which is greater than we are. Self-censorship, is far more difficult for nations which are self-contained within a ring of frontiers which is, or is felt to be, menaced. This is an added reason, if any were needed, why we should not play the part of censor to other nationalisms. Self-censorship is the only education which, in the end, avails.

Europe has been the parent of nationalism ; and the continent of Europe still presents the most variegated kaleidoscope of nationalisms. Perhaps that has been a source of its vitality and its progress, as it is now a source of its trouble and its distress. But the variegation of the face of Europe does not destroy the common aspect or the common heritage. Europe has received from Athens and Rome the common heritage of the classical tradition. Europe has received from Jerusalem the common heritage of the Christian faith, which was acquainted from the first, and during the height of the Middle Ages was blended, with the classical tradition of Athens and Rome. Renaissances of the classical tradition and Reformations of the Christian faith have been common European movements. To-day, it is true, it would seem that movements of Renaissance and Reformation have themselves become national. In Italy a Renaissance of the Roman part of the classical tradition

is being practised; the common heritage of Europe is being vindicated as the special prerogative of the Italian nation; and a new Augustus is seeking to recreate the glories of the old. In Germany a new Reformation, secular and atavistic, is seeking to draw inspiration from the pre-classical and pre-Christian fountains of original Teutonism: the common inheritance is condemned as unnational and 'un-German': a new Arminius rejects the tradition of Roman law, and with it all alien traditions, as Arminius of old hurled back the legions of Rome. But these modern insurgences, however Titanic they may seem, are still confronted by the fact of the common heritage of Europe. It may be expelled; but it will always return. There may yet be a Renaissance, and a Reformation, which will unite and not divide.

Some who have felt strongly how much there was which was common to all our continent have dreamed of a United States of Europe. To-day the dream has shrunk; and even the most Utopian can dream of no more than a western federation. But political unions, of whatever sort, are not likely to be the next stage in European development. Federations may come, in some distant (perhaps very distant) future; but the utmost span of contemporary hope cannot reach so far. Europe to-day, with her common heritage, confronts a system (or perhaps it should be called a chaos) of ardent nationalisms. There is no sign of their going—unless the system slides into a cataclysm; and even then the faces of the nations will re-emerge. Far from going,

the different nationalisms seem to be rooting themselves more deeply. Eire proclaims the national faith of the Irish people, and its intention "to develop its life in accordance with its own genius and traditions", in the new constitution of 1937 ; the U.S.S.R. itself, once the apostle of a non-national proletariat, in the new constitution of 1936 summons its citizens to the sacred duty of the defence of the fatherland, and proclaims treason to the homeland as the gravest crime. The new Europe has to be built with the stones which the builders find shaped and ready.

The political map of Europe is a shifting thing. It shifted again and again in the nineteenth century—in the area of Germany, the area of Italy, the area of the Balkans. It has shifted, and is shifting still, in these opening years of the twentieth century. However much we may long for fixed boundaries and known landmarks, we must admit that it may still continue to shift in the fututre. Different national aggregates from those we know may be formed ; but if we can repeat our recent experience we may hope that they will be formed by the method of peaceful change. New distributions of power will be involved ; and as long as nations think in terms of power, this will raise difficulties in advance about the coming of change, as it will also raise doubts and fears after each change has come. But whatever the difficulties may be, Europe has still to face change, and to face it in consultation, with a view to its peaceful achievement. There are still loose ends and uncertain

limits in the system of national states. And yet all this is only a matter of colour—national colour—the colours of the map. If it were settled and out of the way, the real problem would then begin to emerge. That is the problem of line and design—of the common values—of the restoration and reinvigoration of the common heritage—of the new Renaissance and the new Reformation.

This may also be called the problem of censorship of nationalisms—the voluntary and self imposed censorship of the good which is imperfect and thepartial which has to be made whole. The problem has to be solved in various fields, with the workers in each field working side by side towards the same end, and helping each other when they can. There is the field of religion, the field of the common Christian faith of Europe and the new Reformation. The Church of Rome still speaks to Europe at large, and can speak with a single voice of authority, in censorship of nationalisms; and the Protestant and Orthodox Churches, gathering themselves in conferences (as they have done from time to time in the last twenty years, and notably at Oxford in 1937) have sought to speak to all their members in the same sense. There is the field of peace, the field of a system of inter-state organization intended to secure the peace of Europe. The League of Nations is not dead; but so far as Europe is concerned, it is certainly disrupted. Europe needs its own concert of states (however that concert may be related to the general system of the League); and the

construction of that concert is the first necessity for a voluntary criticism and a voluntary curtailing of the claims of nationalism. There is the field of economics, the field of the restoration of inter-state commerce in Europe and of the censorship of the nationalist cult of 'autarky' in the interest of a common level of life. That would be partly a work for the economic section of a concert of Europe and partly a matter for regional groups particularly linked by propinquity or a common interest in the easy exchange of the different products of their members. There is finally the field of culture, the field of a new Renaissance which the nations can resolve to share even while, and even because, they are resolved to maintain and expand their separate national cultures. Nations have now begun to broadcast to one another and to listen to one another. As yet it is a little thing; and its immediate origin is simply a zest for national propaganda. But it also means, and it will mean still more if it continues to grow, an appeal to the opinion of others—we may even say, an appeal to a common opinion. We have new tools and instruments for a new Renaissance. We are only fumbling with them. Perhaps we may learn to use them, and to turn them to common uses. The more we know one another's minds, the less we shall be set in the unqualified and uncensored nationalism of any one particular stock.

Europe is coloured (we need not say 'stained') by 'the many-coloured dome' of all its nationalisms. Each of its nations sees life *sub specie coloris sui*. The

idealist would gladly see life in a white light, a dry light, which was commonly and universally diffused. It is a counsel of perfection. Most of us would not see at all unless we saw in a coloured light. But we see imperfectly in that way ; and we gradually learn that we can see more, and see more perfectly, if we see in different lights. In that way we may rise to the idea of the common —the thing we can all see together through the use of our different lights. That is what I meant when I began by saying that it was my duty to begin by being a good Englishman, and then to transcend without losing that quality.

E. M. FORSTER

WHAT I BELIEVE

I do not believe in Belief. But this is an age of faith, and there are so many militant creeds that, in self-defence, one has to formulate a creed of one's own. Tolerance, good temper and sympathy are no longer in a world which is rent by religious and racial persecution, in a world where ignorance rules, and science, who ought to have ruled, plays the subservient pimp. Tolerance, good temper and sympathy—they are what matter really, and if the human race is not to collapse they must come to the front before long. But for the moment they are not enough, their action is no stronger than a flower, battered beneath a military jack-boot. They want stiffening, even if the process coarsens them. Faith, to my mind, is a stiffening process, a sort of mental starch, which ought to be applied as sparingly as possible. I dislike the stuff. I do not believe in it, for its own sake, at all. Herein I probably differ from most people, who believe in Belief, and are only sorry they cannot swallow even more than they do. My law givers are Erasmus and Montaigne, not Moses and St. Paul. My temple stands not upon Mount Moriah but in that Elysian Field where even the immoral are admitted. My motto is: "Lord, I disbelieve—help thou my unbelief."

I have, however, to live in an Age of Faith—the sort of epoch I used to hear praised when I was a

boy. It is extremely unpleasant really. It is bloody in every sense of the word. And I have to keep my end up in it. Where do I start?

With personal relationships. Here is something comparatively solid in a world full of violence and cruelty. Not absolutely solid, for Psychology has split and shattered the idea of a "Person," and has shown that there is something incalculable in each of us, which may at any moment rise to the surface and destroy our normal balance. We don't know what we are like. We can't know what other people are like. How, then, can we put any trust in personal relationships, or cling to them in the gathering political storm? In theory we cannot. But in practice we can and do. Though A is not unchangeably A or B unchangeably B, there can still be love and loyalty between the two. For the purpose of living one has to assume that the personality is solid, and the "self" is an entity, and to ignore all contrary evidence. And since to ignore evidence is one of the characteristics of faith, I certainly can proclaim that I believe in personal relationships.

Starting from them, I get a little order into the contemporary chaos. One must be fond of people and trust them if one is not to make a mess of life, and it is therefore essential that they should not let one down. They often do. The moral of which is that I must, myself, be as reliable as possible, and this I try to be. But reliability is not a matter of contract—that is the main difference between the world of personal relationships and the world of business relationships. It is a matter for the

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heart, which signs no documents. In other words, reliability is impossible unless there is a natural warmth. Most men possess this warmth, though they often have bad luck, and get chilled. Most of them, even when they are politicians, *want* to keep faith. And one can, at all events, show one's own little light here, one's own poor little trembling flame, with the knowledge that it is not the only light that is shining in the darkness, and not the only one which the darkness does not comprehend. Personal relations are despised to-day. They are regarded as bourgeois luxuries, as products of a time of fair weather which is now past, and we are urged to get rid of them, and to dedicate ourselves to some movement or cause instead. I hate the idea of causes, and if I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country. Such a choice may scandalize the modern reader, and he may stretch out his patriotic hand to the telephone at once and ring up the police. It would not have shocked Dante, though. Dante places Brutus and Cassius in the lowest circle of Hell because they had chosen to betray their friend Julius Caesar rather than their country Rome. Probably one will not be asked to make such an agonizing choice. Still, there lies at the back of every creed something terrible and hard for which the worshipper may one day be required to suffer, and there is even a terror and a hardness in this creed of personal relationships, urbane and mild though it sounds. Love and loyalty to an individual can run counter to the claims of the

State. When they do—down with the State, say I, which means that the State would down me.

This brings me along to Democracy, "even Love, the Beloved Republic, which feeds upon Freedom and lives." Democracy is not a Beloved Republic really, and never will be. But it is less hateful than other contemporary forms of government, and to that extent it deserves our support. It does start from the assumption that the individual is important, and that all types are needed to make a civilization. It does not divide its citizens into the bossers and the bossed—as an efficiency-regime tends to do. The people I admire most are those who are sensitive and want to create something or discover something, and do not see life in terms of power, and such people get more of a chance under a democracy than elsewhere. They found religions, great or small, or they produce literature and art, or they do disinterested scientific research, or they may be what is called "ordinary people," who are creative in their private lives, bring up their children decently, for instance, or help their neighbours. All these people need to express themselves; they cannot do so unless society allows them liberty to do so, and the society which allows them most liberty is a democracy.

Democracy has another merit. It allows criticism, and if there is not public criticism there are bound to be hushed-up scandals. That is why I believe in the Press, despite all its lies and vulgarity, and why I believe in Parliament. Parliament is often sneered at because it

is a Talking Shop. I believe in it *because* it is a talking shop. I believe in the Private Member who makes himself a nuisance. He gets snubbed and is told that he is cranky or ill-informed, but he does expose abuses which would otherwise never have been mentioned, and very often an abuse gets put right just by being mentioned. Occasionally, too, a well-meaning public official starts losing his head in the cause of efficiency and thinks himself God Almighty. Such officials are particularly frequent in the Home Office. Well, there will be questions about them in Parliament sooner or later, and then they will have to mind their steps. Whether Parliament is either a representative body or an efficient one is questionable, but I value it because it criticizes and talks, and because its chatter gets widely reported.

So two cheers for Democracy : one because it admits variety and two because it permits criticism. Two cheers are quite enough : there is no occasion to give three. Only Love the Beloved Republic deserves that.

What about Force, though? While we are trying to be sensitive and advanced and affectionate and tolerant, an unpleasant question pops up: does not all society rest upon force? If a government cannot count upon the police and the army, how can it hope to rule? And if an individual gets knocked on the head or sent to a labour camp, of what significance are his opinions?

This dilemma does not worry me as much as it does some. I realize that all society rests upon force. But all the great creative actions, all the decent human relations,

occur during the intervals when force has not managed to come to the front. These intervals are what matter. I want them to be as frequent and as lengthy as possible, and I call them "civilization." Some people idealize force and pull it into the foreground and worship it, instead of keeping it in the background as long as possible. I think they make a mistake, and I think that their opposites, the mystics, err even more when they declare that force does not exist. I believe that it exists, and that one of our jobs is to prevent it from getting out of its box. It gets out sooner or later, and then it destroys us and all the lovely things which we have made. But it not out all the time, for the fortunate reason that the strong are so stupid. Consider their conduct for a moment in the Niebelung's Ring. The giants there have the guns, or in other words the gold ; but they do nothing with it, they do not realize that they are all-powerful, with the result that the catastrophe is delayed and the castle of Walhalla, insecure but glorious, fronts the storms. Fafnir, coiled round his hoard, grumbles and grunts ; we can hear him under Europe to-day; the leaves of the wood already tremble, and the Bird calls its warnings uselessly. Fafnir, will destroy us, but by a blessed dispensation he is stupid and slow, and creation goes on just outside the poisonous blast of his breath. The Nietzschean would hurry the monster up, the mystic would say he did not exist, but Wotan, wiser than either, hastens to create warriors before doom declares itself. The Valkyries are symbols not only of courage but of intelligence ; they represent the

uman spirit snatching its opportunity while the going is good, and one of them even finds time to love. Brunhilde's last song hymns the recurrence of love, and since it is the privilege of art to exaggerate, she goes even further, and proclaims the love which is eternally triumphant and feeds upon Freedom, and lives.

So that is what I feel about force and violence. It is, alas! the ultimate reality on this earth, but it does not always get to the front. Some people call its absences "decadence"; I call them "civilization" and find in such interludes the chief justification for the human experiment. I look the other way until fate strikes me. Whether this is due to courage or to cowardice in my own case I cannot be sure. But I know that if men had not looked the other way in the past, nothing of any value would survive. The people I respect most behave as if they were immortal and as if society was eternal. Both assumptions are false : both of them must be accepted as true if we are to go on eating and working and loving, and are to keep open a few breathing holes for the human spirit. No millennium seems likely to descend upon humanity ; no better and stronger League of Nations will be instituted ; no form of Christianity and no alternative to Christianity will bring peace to the world or integrity to the individual; no "change of heart" will occur. And yet we need not despair, indeed we cannot despair ; the evidence of history shows us that men have always insisted on behaving creatively under the shadow of the sword ; that they have done their artistic and scientific and domestic stuff for the sake of doing it,

and that we had better follow their example under the shadow of the aeroplanes. Others, with more vision or courage than myself, see the salvation of humanity ahead, and will dismiss my conception of civilization as paltry, a sort of tip-and-run game. Certainly it is presumptuous to say that we *cannot* improve, and that Man, who has only been in power for a few thousand years, will never learn to make use of his power. All I mean is that, if people continue to kill one another as they do, the world cannot get better than it is, and that since there are more people than formerly, and their means for destroying one another superior, the world may well get worse. What is good in people—and consequently in the world—is their insistence on creation, their belief in friendship and loyalty for their own sakes ; and though Violence remains and is, indeed, the major partner in this muddled establishment, I believe that creativeness remains too, and will always assume direction when violence sleeps. So, though I am not an optimist, I cannot agree with Sophocles that it were better never to have been born. And although, like Horace, I see no evidence that each batch of births is superior to the last, I leave the field open for the more complacent view. This is such a difficult moment to live in, one cannot help getting gloomy and also a bit rattled, and perhaps short-sighted.

In search of a refuge, we may perhaps turn to hero-worship. But here we shall get no help, in my opinion. Hero-worship is a dangerous vice, and one of the minor merits of a democracy is that it does not encourage it,

or produce that unmanageable type of citizen known as the Great Man. It produces instead different kinds of small men—a much finer achievement. But people who cannot get interested in the variety of life, and cannot make up their own minds, get discontented over this, and they long for a hero to bow down before and to follow blindly. It is significant that a hero is an integral part of the authoritarian stock-in-trade to-day. An efficiency-regime cannot be run without a few heroes stuck about it to carry off the dullness—much as plums have to be put into a bad pudding to make it palatable. One hero at the top and a smaller one each side of him is a favourite arrangement, and the timid and the bored are comforted by the trinity, and, bowing down, feel exalted and strengthened.

No, I distrust Great Men. They produce a desert of uniformity around them and often a pool of blood too, and I always feel a little man's pleasure when they come a cropper. Every now and then one reads in the newspapers some such statement as : "The coup d'etat appears to have failed, and Admiral Toma's whereabouts is at present unknown." Admiral Toma had probably every qualification for being a Great Man—an iron will, personal magnetism, dash, flair, sexlessness—but fate was against him, so he retires to unknown whereabouts instead of parading history with his peers. He fails with a completeness which no artist and no lover can experience, because with them the process of creation is itself an achievement, whereas with him the only possible achievement is success.

I believe in aristocracy, though—if that is the right word, and if a democrat may use it. Not an aristocracy of power, based upon rank and influence, but an aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate and the plucky. Its members are to be found in all nations and classes, and all through the ages, and there is a secret understanding between them when they meet. They represent the true human tradition, the one permanent victory of our queer race over cruelty and chaos. Thousands of them perish in obscurity, a few are great names. They are sensitive for others as well as for themselves, they are considerate without being fussy, their pluck is not swankiness but the power to endure, and they can take a joke. I give no examples—it is risky to do that—but the reader may as well consider whether this is the type of person he would like to meet and to be, and whether (going farther with me) he would prefer that this type should *not* be an ascetic one. I am against asceticism myself. I am with the old Scotchman who wanted less chastity and more delicacy. I do not feel that my aristocrats are a real aristocracy if they thwart their bodies, since bodies are the instruments through which we register and enjoy the world. Still, I do not insist. This is not a major point. It is clearly possible to be sensitive, considerate and plucky and yet be an ascetic too, and if anyone possesses the first three qualities, I will let him in! On they go—an invincible army, yet not a victorious one. The aristocrats, the elect, the chosen, the Best People—all the words that describe them are false, and all attempts to organize

them fail. Again and again Authority, seeing their value, has tried to net them and to utilize them as the Egyptian Priesthood or the Christian Church or the Chinese Civil Service or the Group Movement, or some other worthy stunt. But they slip through the net and are gone ; when the door is shut, they are no longer in the room ; their temple, as one of them remarked, is the Holiness of the Heart's Imagination, and their kingdom, though they never possess it, is the wide-open world.

With this type of person knocking about, and constantly crossing one's path if one has eyes to see or hands to feel, the experiment of earthly life cannot be dismissed as a failure. But it may well be hailed as a tragedy, the tragedy being that no device has been found by which these private decencies can be transmitted to public affairs. As soon as people have power they go crooked and sometimes dotty as well, because the possession of power lifts them into a region where normal honesty never pays. For instance, the man who is selling newspapers outside the Houses of Parliament can safely leave his papers to go for a drink and his cap beside them : anyone who takes a paper is sure to drop a copper into the cap. But the men who are inside the Houses of Parliament—they cannot trust one another like that, still less can the Government they compose trust other governments. No caps upon the pavement here, but suspicion, treachery and armaments. The more highly public life is organized the lower does its morality sink ; the nations of today behave to each other worse than

they ever did in the past, they cheat, rob, bully and bluff, make war without notice, and kill as many women and children as possible; whereas primitive tribes were at all events restrained by taboos. It is a humiliating outlook—though the greater the darkness, the brighter shine the little lights, reassuring one another signalling: "Well, at all events, I'm still here. I don't like it very much, but how are you?" Unquenchable lights of my aristocracy! Signals of the invincible army! "Come along—anyway, let's have a good time while we can." I think they signal that too.

The Saviour of the future—if ever he comes will not preach a new Gospel. He will merely utilize my aristocracy, he will make effective the good will and the good temper which are already existing. In other words, he will introduce a new technique. In economics, we are told that if there was a new technique of distribution, there need be no poverty, and people would not starve in one place while crops were being ploughed under in another. A similar change is needed in the sphere of morals and politics. The desire for it is by no means new; it was expressed, for example, in theological terms by Jacopone da Todi over six hundred years ago. "ordina questo amore, O tu che m'ami," he said; "O thou who lovest me—set this love in order." His prayer was not granted, and I do not myself believe that it ever will be, but here, and not through a change of heart, is our probable route. Not by becoming better, but by ordering and distributing his native goodness, will Man shut up Force

into its box, and so gain time to explore the universe and to set his mark upon it worthily. At present he only explores it at odd moments, when Force is looking the other way, and his divine creativeness appears as a trivial by-product, to be scrapped as soon as the drums beat and the bombers hum.

Such a change, claim the orthodox, can only be made by Christianity, and will be made by it in God's good time : man always has failed and always will fail to organize his own goodness, and it is presumptuous of him to try. This claim—solemn as it is—leaves me cold. I cannot believe that Christianity will ever cope with the present world-wide mess, and I think that such influence as it retains in modern society is due to the money behind it, rather than to its spiritual appeal. It was a spiritual force once, but the indwelling spirit will have to be restated if it is to calm the waters again, and probably restated in a non-Christian form. Naturally a lot of people, who are not only good but able and intelligent, will disagree here ; they will vehemently deny that Christianity has failed, or they will argue that its failure proceeds from the wickedness of men, and really proves its ultimate success. They have Faith, with a large F. My faith has a very small one, and I only intrude it because these are strenuous and serious days, and one likes to say what one thinks while speech is comparatively free : it may not be free much longer.

The above are the reflections of an individualist and a liberal who has found liberalism crumbling beneath

him and at first felt ashamed. Then, looking around, he decided there was no special reason for shame, since other people, whatever they felt, were equally insecure. And as for individualism—there seems no way of getting off this, even if one wanted to. The dictator-hero can grind down his citizens till they are all alike, but he cannot melt them into a single man. That is beyond his power. He can order them to merge, he can incite them to mass-antics, but they are obliged to be born separately and to die separately, and, owing to these unavoidable termini, will always be running of the totalitarian rails. The memory of birth and the expectation of death always lurk within the human being, making him separate from his fellows and consequently capable of intercourse with them. Naked I came into the world, naked I shall go out of it! And a very good thing too, for it reminds me that I am naked under my shirt, whatever its colour.

LLEWELYN POWYS

THE EPICUREAN TRADITION

YESTERDAY, as I walked down to a neighbouring farm to buy butter and milk, the July sunshine lay bright upon the gravel of the lane. Broad shadows of elm trees cut clean across the track which shone emphatic and actual. In that afternoon hour it was impossible to deny the happiness of existence. It was impossible to be recreant to the mystic now, and to the message of the senses as to what is.

In the parlour of the farmhouse a "loud speaker" was making its noise, and as I waited for the doors to open I recognized to the nature of the sounds that the instrument was recording. They floated out through the window into the sultry garden. They disturbed the peace of the place, the peace of the small garden of roses and peonies and chicken-trodden grass. Their irrelevant discord teased the stillness of the sheltered enclosure and jarred upon the natural contentment of the cornlands on the other side of the hedge. It was the whining of whipped dogs, the doleful lamentations of prisoners, the voices of Christians at their prayers! I knew I could not be mistaken; it was unmistakable. For two thousand years the hearing of honest men has been tormented by just such obsequious under-tones rising and falling. A service in Westminster Abbey was in progress, and the voices of these idolaters were being made

audible far and wide over the broad sunshine pastures of England. The volume of sound, like the murmured supplications of absconding slaves, offered an affront to the confidence of nature. There was something craven, unhealthy, neurotic about it. It ill accorded with the sober stability of matter.

For two thousand years this excitable superstition has held in its power the populations of Europe. In a hundred subtle ways the minds of metaphysicians and fools have been unsettled by this vertigo. It has been all-powerful and ubiquitous. Only one single tradition of thought has been able to stand against it. For centuries this tradition has been officially ignored, over-looked, though never altogether lost. The philosophy of Epicurus, firm and easy to be understood, has been, and remains to-day, the one habit of mind that has offered stout resistance to churchly teaching. In its manifold disguises it has stood unimpressed by Christianity. Innocent though they may have been of the definite teachings of the unabashed philosopher, this natural wisdom has directed the lives of men in hovel and in palace alike. Though their arms may be crossed, the churchyards of Europe are full of dead men whose allegiance through life was to the doctrines of this Greek sage.

It is interesting to notice the similarity and difference between Jesus and Epicurus, to set the cool reason and consideration of the one against the impassioned fanaticism of the other. I know very well that the doctrines of

Jesus have been sadly garbled by his followers. I know very well that the words actually spoken by this sensitive enemy of the sun brought into the world a certain tenderness full of grace and mystery; and yet, even remembering this, there is a refreshing calm and directness about the sayings of Epicurus that have been, I believe, of more value to the human race.

As expressed by the Apostle Paul and the church militant, Christianity's purpose has ever been to discredit life upon earth. There is something contemptible about so faithless and faint-hearted an intention. Christianity has the eye of a sick cat, anxious, unreconciled, and full of discontent with the lawns and sun-warmed garden spaces. The more one meditates upon the sayings of Epicurus the more one appreciates the fact that his instruction is always directed upon the actual human situation here on earth. These scraps of the Greek language have reference to no other world. They are sign-posts for our present wayfaring, and are placed along the turnpike of our present life—not between this naughty world and the fabulous celestial city of John Bunyan's conception, but along the everyday roads we must travel from wicker cradle to boarded coffin. We have here no theological jargon, no chat about original sin or atonement, no speculations about absurd Trinities, no fables about ascensions, no foibles about dead men rising from the grave; but, instead, straightforward talk that would sound like sense in market square or tavern. This is the kind of talk we are all in need of,

as, uncertain and faltering, we go forward through life athirst for wisdom.

Unfortunately, most of what Epicurus wrote has been lost ; yet even out of the thrice precious fragments that have been preserved we can gather enough wisdom for the direction of our lives. His cosmology is extraordinarily modern. "The forms come and go, spring into being and pass away...but meanwhile matter itself remains uncorrupted, and older than all things which are made, no less in bulk than it was in the beginning, and, as it existed before all the forms, so is it joined to them and survives them." Elaborating the atomic conjectures of Democritus, his conception of the physical universe closely approximates to the beliefs of present-day men of science. He saw the universe as made up of atoms that are for ever taking new shapes. The movements of these atoms are subject to unaccountable "swerves," which would suggest the same unpredictability of the electrons and protons that the physicists tell us about to-day. Upon this swerve of the ultimate atoms Epicurus based his fundamental conviction of man's free will. He believed that matter was infinite, and was immune from annihilation. Spontaneous generation he held to be a mere fancy, and was convinced that careful inquiry would invariably show that there was a natural cause for all phenomena. For him the greatest value of scientific investigation lay in the fact that it relieved the human mind from fear. It was indeed Epicurus who first dared to face the universe with unaffrighted eyes.

He looked up at the stars, and realized that these majestic midnight flames were sufficient in themselves without the help of the gods, and were in some manner reduced by the human notion of a divine creation. The heart of the matter was a rational movement of nature. Against this background the purpose of life was to be happy. This is the aim and end of life, and it is possible to be attained by freeing the mind from fear and the body from pain. Just as fear causes all the misery of social injustice and the horrors of war, so in the individual it poisons life. Epicurus follows it down to its dark lairs. He shows us the folly of all supernatural apprehensions, and with simple words does away with the oldest of all terrors—the terror of death. He taught that the soul is like a wind or breath in the body : "Death, which is said to be an evil, hath this belonging to it, that when it hath been present it hath never troubled anybody...Death is nothing to us ; for that which is dissolved is without sensation ; and that which lacks sensation is nothing to us." The senses, unfaltering loyalty to the senses —Epicurus is never weary of insisting upon this ! He is intolerant of the ideal speculations of Plato, "that golden man." The metaphysics of Aristotle are nothing to him—he called him "debauchee" and "the rascal who sold drugs." To take the world at its face value as it appears to ordinary men—that is his teaching, and with a mind free from care, and a body free from pain, to live like a

god among men. He had the utmost confidence that this could be done. It was the mere gift of consciousness that he valued—the benison of possessing a tranquil contemplative mind in a body free from physical pain. He suspects all carnal pleasures of being disruptive of this peace. Of sexual delights he says : "This intercourse has never done a man good, and he is lucky if it has not harmed him." These "ticklings and prickings" and the "fine and smooth and enticing motions of the flesh" he made bold to disparage. Yet it was no moralic acid that so perverted his judgment, for he writes : " You tell me that the stimulus of the flesh makes you too prone to the pleasures of love. Provided you do not break the laws or good customs and do not distress any of your neighbours or do harm to your body or squander your pittance, you may indulge your inclinations as you please." It is prudence that must be the directing rudder of life. Without moral misgivings every proposal must be considered solely in reference to the possibility of personal happiness to be derived from it. "I spit upon virtue that gives no happiness," he says somewhere. Yet from the security of his garden his quiet eye is able to detect the dangers that beset most men's lives. Love of money, ambition—he is never tired of inveighing against their insidious power. How refreshing in truth, are his sly, subversive, fortifying observations :—

The wise man will not believe that love is sent from heaven.

The pleasure of the belly is the root and source of all good.

Courage is a quality which does not exist by nature, but springs from a consideration of what is in our own interest.

Moderate physical pain is a greater evil than the utmost disgrace.

If you wish to make Pythocles happy, add not to his riches, but take away from his desires.

Nothing which suggests doubt or alarm can be included at all in that which is naturally immortal and blessed.

There is nothing terrible in life for the man who has truly comprehended that there is nothing terrible in not being.

Epicurus was born seven years after the death of Plato. As a child he must have heard of Alexander the Great's triumph and death. He knew Athens stripped of her glory. "Hide your life" was one of his commands, and his famous garden he and his favoured disciples put this into practice.

It is a significant fact that any philosophy that proposes personal happiness for its aim is regarded with disapproval by the many. Reliance on the senses is under suspicion. Even before the appearance of Christianity this was so. It would seem that the racial instinct of man inclines towards idealism. By such fancies alone can he be separat-

ed still further from the other animals. From the first the doctrines of Aristippus caused pious men to raise their hands in protest. Yet it may very well be that all theologies and all metaphysics tempered with categorical imperatives are mere methods of intellectual evasion. Possibly our race-egoism persuades us to indulge in such high-flown delusions when in actual fact the solution to our problems is to be sought *very near to the ground*. Throughout the ages this may have been an open secret, which society has never dared to acknowledge. It is likely enough that human life has no moral significance —that *nothing really matters*. The long travail of evolution, the procreant urge, may have no purpose in view that concerns our welfare. Born at adventure, we and all that is animate on the face of the earth may be predestined for a meaningless annihilation. Our wisest course may well be to enjoy our hour of sunshine without thought or plan. All life is carried along in this perpetual flux. The gilded celandine lifts its head to the sun, and before the next washing day comes round its gold has turned to silver. Flies he never so high, the eagle comes to earth at last a sorry bundle of unbuoyant feathers. Ox and ass, mouse and man, none escape. The very planet itself, for all its encircling tumbler-pigeon flights, is doomed.

"Our modes of being affected alone are knowable," declared Aristippus. These very feelings are momentary. They are with us now, very now, and yet even as we see and hear and smell they have slid back into

the shadowy storehouse of memory. This ephemeral consciousness that is flashed in upon us by our senses may well be *our only moment of reality*. Epicurus asserted that the pleasures of the mind were superior to those of the body. Aristippus disputed this. These Cyrenaics, not without some show of reason, were convinced that carnal pleasures, being more simple and more intense, were to be preferred. It is possibly true that the apex of many people's realization of existence is reached at the moment of ecstasy in the carnal embrace. Yet the mere suggestion of this immediately brought the Cyrenaic philosophy into disrepute. We all may know this to be true, but no one must make open declaration of it. The importance of Epicurus rests upon the fact that his name has been a rallying-ground for all who favour hedonism. His more sophisticated and cultured ideas as to the means by which true content is to be arrived at have afforded a moral shelter for pleasure lovers of every kidney. His figure, so beloved, has been strong enough to withstand the subtle influences of those whose will it is to do outrage to life. These guilty religions have never prevailed against his firm philosohpy. He is the great master of all lovers of the sun.

> Thou, who out of deep darkness didst avail to raise a torch so clear, shedding light upon the true joys of life, 'tis thee I follow, bright star of the Greek race, and in thy deepset prints firmly now I plant my footsteps, not in eager emulation, but rather because for love I long to copy thee.

In our own time his followers have amplified his views. We still recognize his testament as our testament, yet we claim a larger fulfilment of it. Our creed is his :—

I believe in no God.

I believe in no immortality.

I believe that the secret of life is happiness.

I believe that virtue is heathen goodness.

We hold, with him, that self-control is essential to a happy life ; that the noble soul occupies itself "with wisdom and friendship" ; that "necessity is an evil, but there is no necessity to live under the control of necessity" ; that "we must release ourselves from the prison of affairs and politics" ; that "the cheap soul is puffed up by prosperity and cast down by misfortune" ; and that "we are born once and cannot be born twice, but for all time must be no more." We believe this, but, over-bold perhaps, we also believe that life holds exultations. Mental tranquillity and philosophic calm are good, but the heightened moments of sensation which life has to offer are better.

In an old Roman graveyard these words were read : "I was nothing ; I am nothing ; and thou who art alive Eat, Drink, Make love. *Come.*" All the wisdom of life is contained in that dead man's message. Yet to be a glutton, a drunkard, a sexual maniac, would bring small profit. We must remember the exhortations of Epicurus. We must learn prudence. We must not satisfy all our momentary desires so that our spirits are in danger of being stretched upon the rack of self-criticism which we call remorse. The seas of life are

pestered with treacherous winds: "Leave all free, as I have left all free." With minds clear of religious falsifications, with imaginations quickly alive to the poetry of existence, let us ask no more of life than what has been so generously offered. The true blessings of life are to be had of all wise men. To regard it as a pageant, as a spectacle—to be ourselves players in this play, is reward enough. To experience human sorrow, to experience human happiness, to love, to laugh, to cultivate damaging thought; to analyse, to understand, to increase our awareness by insight and discrimination, is to follow the tradition of the profoundest mood of the human race—a mood that was already old when Christianity was invented, and which will be acceptable to certain select spirits long after this notional faith has become but the memory of a primitive and uniformed theodicy.

HAROLD NICOLSON

COINCIDENCES

I HAVE always enjoyed stories about coincidences. One must assume, of course, that such stories are strictly true, and indeed my predilection for this sort of narrative is that even the most imaginative conversationalist is bound, when talking of coincidences, to tell the truth. The whole point of such stories is that they are strictly accurate : the slightest hair-breadth deviation from fact destroys the whole purpose of the story, renders it a little thing of tissue-paper and glue. And those who test the value of a story by the amount it contains of interesting truth will thus dwell lovingly on the coincidence story, since here at least fantasy does not illumine, but obscures.

I was told a coincidence story during the war which has long and in every detail remained in my memory. I like the story, not merely for the human sympathy it evokes, not merely because of the curious psychological problem which it illustrates, but above all because it is strictly and absolutely true. I had it first hand from one of the protagonists ; I confirmed it from a second source : and, to tell the truth, I had something to do with it myself. I shall be disappointed if you do not like this story, as it is one of my favourites. It is followed by another which I was told only yesterday, and which, in its turn, strikes me as curious in the extreme.

My first story is as follows. I give it as I heard it and experienced it : the only things that I have altered are the names. In the spring of 1917 the French counter-espionage service came upon the tracks of a certain M. Hercule Pinon. This gentleman had for fifteen years been representative of a French shipping company in Trieste, and during his residence in Austria he had entered the service of the Central Powers. He was, in fact, one of the organizers of the German spy system in the Adriatic. It is probable that the French counter-espionage service had for years known all about M. Pinon and his activities : these counter-espionage people like to play with their victims as a cat with a mouse : they delay until the very last moment to arrest detected spies, preferring to toy with them gently, to encourage them to further activity, to lull them into a sense of false security, and year in year out to read their correspondence and to note down the names, status and addresses of the people to whom they write. In this way M. Pinon, who at the outbreak of war had been obliged to leave Trieste for Marseilles, continued his activities for some two years. He would send interesting shipping reports to an agency in Lucerne. He would receive from the same agency replies to his letters, and little sums in Swiss notes. He never realized that his letters got no further than a certain bureau in the French Ministry of War, and that the answers and instructions which he received from Lucerne were in fact written, under instructions from Paris, by the French Consulate at that place. By

the spring of 1917, however, the French authorities felt that they had got all they could out of M. Pinon, and that it was time the man was put under lock and key. They felt, however, that it would be better if he were arrested in England, and not in France: they did not wish to alarm his associates, whom they were also watching with scrupulous solicitude. One day, therefore, in May of 1917, M. Pinon received a letter from Lucerne instructing him to cross on a certain date from Le Havre to Southampton, and sending him a large sum of money for this purpose. The British authorities at Southampton were at the same time informed that M. Pinon Hercule, born at Besancon on such and such a date, would be landing at Southampton by the Havre boat on the following Thursday, and must at once be arrested.

On that Thursday morning in May, therefore, the port authorities at Southampton were on the alert. There were only a few passengers crossing by the night boat, and they lined up in a queue to pass the embarkation control. There was M. Pinon, a stout and florid man, displaying no signs of anxiety, merely fussy and irritable as is the way with Frenchmen when they travel. Behind him followed a portly lady of a certain age carrying an enormous cardboard bandbox. M. Pinon handed in his passport, was immediately recognized, and was marched off to a distant waiting-room. The embarkation officer then proceeded to examine the passport of the lady who followed. To his surprise he discovered that this was Madame Eugenie Pinon, wife of Hercule

Pinon, shipping agent. The French authorities had said nothing about M. Pinion being accompanied by his wife, but it was obvious that the lady must also be detained and searched. Indignant and protesting, she was in her turn marched off to another waiting-room, and searched by wardresses. She was then allowed to sit down pending the arrival of the interrogating officer.

The latter, in charging M. Pinon under the Defence of the Realm Act, had informed him that his wife would be similarly charged. "But," explained M. Pinon, "I have no wife." The inspector merely smiled a little wanly. Madame Pinon was next examined. She was in a high state of fury. It was the first time, she said, that anything like this had happened to her. She would protest to the French Embassy in London : she would demand ample damages ; she would see that those responsible for such an outrage would pay for it with their lives. The inspector smiled again sadly, and informed her that they would both have to be taken under escort to London. "Both ?" exclaimed Madame Pinon in astonishment. "Yes," answered the inspector, "both you and your husband." "But I haven't got a husband," replied Madame Pinon. Her surprise was so genuine that the inspector was puzzled. He returned to the other room where M. Pinon was detained and asked him whether he had not married Eugenie Pouldink, of Brest, in 1887. He replied that he had indeed married such a lady, but that they had separated from each other in 1893,

and that he had now no conception whether she was alive or dead. The inspector then returned to Madame Pinon and subjected her to similar questions. She also admitted that she had in 1887 married M. Hercule Pinon, but that she had separated from him in 1893 and had not seen him for twenty-four years.

"You can scarcely expect me to believe that," said the inspector. "You cross together on the same boat; you land at the same moment; you stand one behind the other when you present your passports; and then you expect us to believe that you were complete strangers to each other and have not met for a quarter of a century." Madame Pinon, for a minute or so, lay back against the wall with an expression of complete bewilderment. And then a slow inquisitive smile spread slowly over her chubby face. "Is he here?" she asked shyly. "Could I see him? You must allow me to peep through the door." That look of complete amazement followed by that sudden look of amused interest, of shy curiosity, convinced the inspector that the woman was telling the truth. He escorted Madame Pinon into the room where her husband was standing between two policemen. They leered at each other without speaking. The expression in Madame Pinon's face was at the same time inquisitive and shy. She turned back towards the door and the inspector followed her. "Yes," she said, "that is my husband. I recognized him by his hands."

Madame Pinon was then escorted to London. It was found that she had for years been employed by

an English dressmaker, and that she had been over to Paris to collect some spring patterns. Her story was abundantly confirmed. She had not, in fact, had any communication with her husband between that day in 1893 when they parted with mutual loathing and that day in 1917 when, all unknowing, they stood behind each other in a queue.

That is what I call a good coincidence.

My second story is a curious chain of events. It was told me yesterday by a friend whom I shall call Leopold.

In May of 1866 Prince Bismarck, while riding in the Unter den Linden, was approached by a student of the name of Cohen Blind, who pulled out a revolver and fired four shots at point-blank range. Two of the bullets missed their mark, one entered Bismarck's shoulder, and one penetrated the lung. The Iron Chancellor was not a man to be disturbed by a little thing like that, and in six days he could again be observed, erect and dominant, riding down the Unter den Linden. Herr Blind, meanwhile, had been arrested and the revolver had been taken from him. It was presented to Bismarck as a souvenir of the occasion.

In 1886 the father of my friend Leopold was staying with Bismarck, to whom he was related by marriage. There were several ladies staying in the house, and after luncheon Princess Bismarck took the ladies round the rooms, showing them the historical objects which they contained. Bismarck himself and the men guests remained in the smoking-room puffing Hamburg cigars.

The voices of the ladies could be heard in the Chancellor's study. "And this," a voice said, "is the pistol which Blind used in 1866." There was a murmur of interest, followed by a loud report. Bismarck leapt from his chair and dashed into the adjoining room : the ladies were standing looking at each other in astonishment ; a smell of powder hung in the air. The pistol, still smoking, lay upon the ground. The Chancellor gave way to one of his rare outbursts of fury. How could, he thundered, anyone have been so foolish as to touch the revolver? It was a mere miracle that no one had been killed. Never must anyone be allowed to touch that weapon again.

In 1906 my friend Leopold was also staying with his cousins at Friedrichsruhe. It was a wet afternoon, and some young people had come over to luncheon. He showed them the Chancellor' sstudy. He took up the pistol from the writing-table. "This" he said, "is the pistol with which Blind shot at Bismarck in 1866. Twenty years later, when my father was staying here, some ladies were visiting the house and one of them took up the pistol and foolishly pulled the trigger—like this..." There was a flash and a report. They leapt aside and stared at each other with white faces. One of the girls had been hurt slightly in the hand : Leopold himself was bleeding at the finger, and his hand was burnt and black with gunpowder. The bullet, the sixth and last bullet in the revolver of Herr Blind, was imbedded in his biceps.

Here is a third coincidence story, which I heard from a man at the British Museum. He was a nice man, with

steel-rimmed glasses, a pendant fair moustache, a gold watch-chain with which he fiddled, and a very gentle manner. But I do not think he was a truthful man.

The British Museum, he said, possessed an original edition of Lyly's *Euphues*. One of the librarians, in examining the book, found on the title page the name "Ben Jonson." He felt, and with justice, that a book of such historic value should be kept in a showcase. The volume was thus placed in the Manuscript room and under a firm glass case. It appears, however, that students of Elizabethan style frequently desire to consult Lyly, and prefer for that purpose to see the original edition. The Museum authorities decided, therefore, to advertise for another copy of a first edition of Lyly's *Euphues*, a book of considerable rarity. After some months a copy was offered them. They purchased the volume and placed it in their shelves in the space vacated by Ben Jonson's copy. A few months later an excited student of Elizabethics rushed through the reading-room clamouring to see the Librarian.

"Do you know," he panted, "what you have got here ? "

The Librarian took the copy of Lyly's *Euphues* from the man's palsied hands.

"Yes" he answered. "But why ?"

The man could only gasp : "Look at the fly-leaf ! Look at the fly-leaf !"

The Librarian looked. On the fly-leaf was written : "Thys bok belongs to William Shakspeare."

I wonder if you believe that story ? I don't.

NOTES

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672—1719)

OF LAUGHTER.

This little essay is not in Addison's usual vein of urbane satire against some particular vice or foible. Rather it attempts to explain why laughter (which can be one of the undercurrents in satire) exists. Within a short space, he not only gives some apt psychological reasons for it, but he also drops a hint or two against the modern analytical spirit which would dissect merely to see the scattered and broken parts.

Laughter springs from the common element in man. Philosophers and animals are too wise to laugh. For laughter against others generally emerges from an ungenerous instinct by which we would cloak our own inferiority complex. We laugh at another because we feel a satisfaction within ourselves for some pre-eminence we have over him. It is significant that we laugh at a man's infirmities, rather than draw attention to his virtues. Or if a man have obvious good qualities we laugh at them directly and try to rid him of these virtues. As someone in the twentieth century has very pertinently remarked, a sense of humour either about oneself or about others, may not always be such a very noble objective quality, being often used to conceal one's own cowardice before the real truth.

Addison goes on to say, that the Ancients were greater because they had the power to synthesize experience, whereas the Moderns have produced no art equal to that of the classics, because they can only analyse, without being able to see and construct the whole. Here his opinion corresponds closely to that of Swift's, in *The Battle of Books*, one of the many literary works which were written as a protest against the scientific spirit.

There is, however, another side to laughter, which is born when

the heart spontaneously gladdens at the prospect of natural beauty. Wordsworth had to follow to expand and deepen this idea.

It must always be remembered that though Addison shows up the ridiculous in human nature himself, his motives are never malicious or twisted. His position is always far superior to that of the cheap wit, but not quite up to that of the philosophers. This essay leaves a pleasant impression of a man who is usually reserved, for here, through all his urbanity appears his genuine love and respect for human goodness.

Don Quixote: A romance in burlesque by Cervantes. Don Quixote is a poor gentleman who succumbs to a disordered imagination which makes him emulate the knights of the past in the most prosaic contemporary situation.

Lucian: (A.D. 115—200) A writer born in Mesopotamia, who easily adapted himself to writing in Greek. He is famous for his satire against the myths and legends which credulity builds around the gods.

Dispensary: A burlesque poem by Sir Samuel Garth 1661—1719). The poet ridicules the objection of the apothecaries to supplying medicine to the dispensaries of the out-door patients.

Hudibras: A satire against Presbyterians and Independents by Samuel Butler (1612—80) It is composed in the mock-heroic vein.

Ycleped: (Arachaic) Called.

The Graces: There parentage is attributed to various gods and goddesses. Milton here gives it to Venus and Bacchus. The Graces were three in number and represented the personification of loveliness and grace.

Bacchus, or Dionysus: The god of wine and mirth.

Hebe: The handmaiden of gods who profferred them nectars. She exemplifies eternal youth.

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THE HOOPED PETTICOAT.

Successful satire relies on the invention of a frame-work into which the incidents can be fitted. Denunciation through a volley of oaths, only loses itself in spluttering impotence. But to attack and wound, to give a clean and precise thrust, there must

be a co-ordinating form. Then the condemnation becomes powerful and effective because it is controlled.

The type of satire is naturally dependent upon the personality of the author. Swift could give tremendous blows with his hammer; they were well-aimed and large, which tore up and scattered the dull clods of earth they rained upon. Hence his frame-work is on the grand scale. Gulliver goes voyaging over vasty oceans and many lands. Homer and Virgil appear on the battlefield to over-throw the Moderns. Pope belonged to the eighteenth century drawing-room society, which sipped dishes of bohea. His setting is, therefore, confined to ladies' boudoirs, love-intrigues and leisurely promenades in gardens. As a man Addison seems to be remoter than any of these two. His aloofness deters one from identifying him too closely with any particular set in society. Generally speaking he takes the whole of the upper-middle class and the squirearchy for his province. Women are the subjects of his satire as much as men, if not a trifle more. Addison's frames are varied and brilliant without ostentation.

The ridiculous circumference of the Hooped Petticoat and the collossal waste of money it entails have to be satirized. An incident is found in the shape of a case against the petticoat in a court of law. Apart from the actions of the pieces, the attempt at opening the petticoat on an umbrella-like frame, and the final hoisting of this garment up to the ceiling, Addison quietly but with evident relish, introduces a few thoughts that occur to him in connection with the matter at hand. They are not too many, they are never allowed to intrude and are therefore precisely right and in good taste. In this respect one cannot help admiring Addison's hard objectivity in contrast to the rather sobbing sentimentality of Steele and Thackeray, over *Vanitas Vanitatum*. He conveys the impression of human folly and weakness flawlessly, without rubbing in his moral concern. The Christian tendency to weep and lick the sores of lepers, as a source of vicarious enjoyment is not one of his methods.

If Pope occasionally gives us a sudden desire for a whiff of

fresh air, after the fumes of his stuffy drawing-rooms, and his own invalid confinement to them, Addison is always refreshing because his own personality is eminently cool and sane.

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PASTIMES.

Addison wrote his articles for the benefit of the leisured classes, who had plenty of money and plenty of time, both of which they did not quite know what to do with. Many magazine articles with the same purpose as *Pastimes* appear today to help their public control and balance their lives. They are certainly not meant for the intelligentsia, but they are enough to awe the bourgeoisie by their philosophic air, which is what one also feels about this essay.

Contemplation, communion with ones God, and the reading of books is something integral to the life of a thinking and scholarly human being. To place such articles before him on the same level as *The Dialogues of Plato,* is only to make him feel that the magazine in which they occur is cheap and over-rated.

Nevertheless this sort of writing bulks large in *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, and it holds a high place in literature because it was written by a precise and conscious artist, by no means a journalist, who was discreet and who never did anything to outrage good-taste.

Whenever a sharp disparity between the inner life and secular life begins to manifest itself, the artists and the writers of the age, tend to retire to their own personal hobbies and pleasures, using privacy as a source for the fulfilment of their being, rather than the life in the market place or the square. The Elizabethan seldom felt this division between himself and society, hence if Bacon writes an essay *On Gardens*, it is not to tell us that they should be cultivated for the nourishment of the soul, but for the pleasure they afford to the eye and the palate. The rift between thought and everyday living widened with the progress of scientific materialism in the eighteenth century. The cultured itched to point out a few solitary truths to the mass of sheep and goats that got swept along with the tide. So in a few brief but pertinent paragraphs Addison would bring to notice, the existence of such

edifying activities as, contemplation, friendly serious discourse, reading and an interest in flowers and plants. This same bourgeoisie thick-headedness which irked Addison and Steele was to raise fierce revolutionaries and reactionaries in the nineteenth century. Carlyle thundered against the money-bags, and Ruskin was to write a beautiful appeal for the recognition of the value of books in his *Of Kings Treasuries*. Matthew Arnold yearned for a dissemination of the best that had been thought and known in the world. These brief writings in *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*, perfect in their own way, which would a little admonish and a little reprove, were the first faint tricklings of a stream which was to come hurtling down as a mighty river in the next century. If Addison is not a literary brother, he is certainly a literary cousin to Ruskin, Carlyle and Matthew Arnold.

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PARTY RANCOUR.

Sir Roger, (De Coverley): A character in Addison's Spectator Club. He was a lovable squire, very hospitable but lacking commonsense.

Plutarch: (A.D. 46—120) A great Greek philosopher. He is famous for his biographical writing of *The Lives,* in which he brings out the specific moral character of fifty great Greeks and Romans.

Guelphs and Ghibellines: Mediaeval Italian factions, in the quarrel between the Emperor and the Pope. The Guelphs were the Pope's supporters and the Ghibellines took up the cause of the Emperor.

League: The Catholic party in France opposed to the Protestant Hugenots, which arose in the reign of Charles IX. The two parties were reconciled in his successor Henry the fourth's time.

RICHARD STEELE (1672—1729).

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

This essay is very typical of Steele's mind. It has something of the quality of a damp sponge which can never quite gush forth

its water, but remains in rather a negative condition of humidity. Sentimentality was one of Steele's greatest drawbacks. It prevented him from giving his work a coherent significance. Though this essay deals with the recollections of childhood, barely two anecdotes are given to exemplify this sort of melancholy. One is tempted to contrast Lamb's *Dream Children* with steele's *Recollections.*

Dream Children is also a manner of thinking about people much loved, some of whom actually existed, and some who were purely the creature of Lamb's imagination. Essays upon such delicate and misty subjects as Recollections should weave a romantic pattern in subdued colours into the frame-work of their loom. The magic of associative and suggestive language should have full play; then will the softer mood of the heart be evoked, for it is only a very sensitive and consummate artist who can make the eyes prick with long pent up tears. Of course, the aim of the greatest art is not tears, but if Lamb's *Dream Children* causes the reader's voice to break towards the end, a gratitude is felt for the expression of this wistfulness. Wistfulness is certainly not equivalent to the serene brow of the Tragic Muse, but it is on a very human plane, where the struggle for the soul's victory is still in progress.

One thinks of Steele's essay with a jar after Lamb's. The language is bald and unlovely in contrast and the ending decidedly incongruous and crude. He has neither allowed his thoughts to submerge themselves in the stilled waters of the memory, nor definitely tried to conquer the softness of his mood. Recollections of a very personal nature like the death of his father and that of some young virgin whom he happened to love from a distance, a la Dante, (whom he nevertheless disposes of in a dozen lines) are confounded with a generalised pity on the anonymous young men that perish in the army.

Although it would be unjust to judge Steele according to his portrait by Thackeray in *Henry Esmond*, one has to admit that he lacked the power to co-ordinate significant emotions and thoughts. Like Coleridge, there is fragmentary thinness about his work, but unlike Coleridge, his mind is incapable of subtle and analytical

fineness. Steele was definitly of grosser clay than Lamb or Coleridge, but the ungainliness of much of his writing can be explained by the fact that he was the man of the emotions with a tendency to moralize, who strangely enough found himself in the age of reason. All the preaching that Swift, Pope or Addison did, was based on an appeal to the reason of man. Steele could not cope with the literary and intellectual context he found himself in. Consequently the rather stilted and bald character of his work. He would fain have ballasted it with the throbbings and yearnings of the heart but he was thwarted and hardly became conscious of the artistic possibilities in tender emotional sentiments.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728—1774).

FEMALE, WARRIORS.

This essay is written in the light vein of amusing talk amongst the cultured intelligentsia of the eighteenth century. There is a surplus of women in Britain because the men die in greater numbers owing too intemperance, accidents and wars. Now since Britain has her hands full with military compaigns all round, why not conscript the women to help in the fighting? Any objections that are raised against this scheme on the ground of woman's delicate physique can be over-come by copious examples to the contrary from the classics and history. Women hve been excellent fighters since the ancient glory of the Amazons, down to the present day combatants who measure their strength against one another in the streets.

To please the fair sex, Goldsmith has even suggested a uniform for them, combining aesthetic value with practical sense, which prevents the costume from being a voluminous impediment.

Finally this female brigade would be most successful against the gallant French who can hardly be imagined retaliating against an array of *les jolies dames.*

Although this essay has been conceived in a jocular mood, today we are struck by the boldness and advance of thought it

reveals. To have conjured up a vision of women in uniform and in regular army service in the eighteenth century is remarkable indeed. The part that women have played in world wars I and II is not too dissimilar to what Goldsmith would have them perform. It is refreshing to see a writer of the rococco period showing up the physical prowess concealed in women. Most of the ladies in the Spectator, and in the plays of Congreve, Wycherly, Etheredge, Sedley and company are drawing-room or boudoir comfits, intriguers and perversely clever, but never lusty out-door girls, ready for a straight clean fight.

Still, one cannot help feeling that this essay could have been spiced more pungently if the author had presented the idea of women guerillas on a plane of greater contrast with their supposed flowerlike delicacy. The virago and the shrew in the clutches of a superior male intellect are always a welcome treat, but then this piquancy and sauce is what Goldsmith never achieved. His genius lay eminently in the country life of *The Vicar of Wakefield.* The dish he produces is something like a delicious English Pudding rather than a provocative French aperitif.

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ON EDUCATION.

This essay is one of the articles in the periodical called *The Bee.* It is composed of rather a haphazard collection of thoughts upon school education. On the whole Goldsmith has said nothing brilliant or penetrating. Still, as in all his work, there is gentleness and quietness of tone and a few kindly thoughts about the poor down-trodden teacher.

Much has been written on the theme of education but it is usually the trumpeting of some crank's latest theory. Authors have not really realized the seriousness of the responsibility they bear towards the young mind.

There are two types of schools; those situated in the city and those in the country side. These latter are certainly beneficial for the child's HEALTH, but that is all that may be said in their favour as against the city schools, both being intrinsically useless.

Britain can hardly dare to call itself a civilized country after the manner in which it treats its school-masters. The teacher's personality plays a large part in forming a boy's character. He should be held respectfully in authority. This is not possible, however, because the miserable teacher has to live on a wretched pittance which is hardly enough to keep him on the subsistence level, leave alone to augment his position.

A kindly thought which teachers in India willl appreciate.

The question of ushers. The usher occupies the position of a glorified footman. The child is more confined to his company than to that of the masters', and instead of controlling him he becomes the butt of boyish mischiefs and pranks.

In the end boys learn much more from each other while in school than from their teachers. This remark is similar to the one made by Cardinal Newman in his criticism of the English educational system, in "*The Idea of a University*".

Little boys at school should not be pampered with too much pocket-money. A surfeit of Jam tarts causes indisposition. Nor should they be made to live the hard Spartan life advocated by Mr. Locke and others. The theory of the healthy savages put forth to support this view is baseless. The savage who endures rigorous physical privations is usually not as long lived as the civilized man. Further, those who survive the trials of this kind of a life are in a very small proportion to those who perish by it.

There is an abrupt transition of thought here. Goldsmith suddenly declares that school children should have more of milk in their diet than of anything else. A very salutary observation, which the twentieth century has put into practice by the opening of milk-bars and the supply of free milk to students.

Children should be taught to admire frugality. A miser is much more desirable than a spendthrift because his hoarding does no harm at least to society, provided he is hard-working in his station in life. For this purpose it would be better to nurture students on stories of hardwork rewarded by wealth and a rich and lovely lady in marriage than on romances of happy-go-lucky

squanderers like Tom Jones and Joseph Andrews.

The teaching of science should aim at revealing the wonders of nature in the early stages. The effects of experiments rather than the causes of physical phenomena should be demonstrated. The study of causes should be relegated to nature study.

History should be presented in a manner attractive to the imagination.

Parents, particularly mothers, nurses and footmen, should refrain from praising children to their faces.

The study of rhetoric is a waste of time. A boy cannot be made an orator just as he cannot be trained into a poet.

There is a fashion these days to give children a smattering in many subjects, instead of perfecting them in a few. This was to be one of Newman's contentions against education in the nineteenth century.

Lilly's grammar is the best. The study of languages is a a difficult and onerous business and efforts should be made to undergo the lessons as a task.

"Spare the rod, and spoil the child". Punishment should be meted out on a democratic basis, the boys acting as the judiciary themselves. The caning to be administered should be left to the footman.

Goldsmith's attack on romantic large-hearted youths like Joseph Andrews and Tom Jones and his advocacy of frugality is somewhat old-maidish and countryfied.

The circumstances of Goldsmith's own life led him to these stolid conclusions. There was never enough to eat, and literature was more an economic proposition than a mad frenzy. To advise a boy to be meagre in his manner of living and to be content with the station in life in which he finds himself is a confession of failure, and of a bourgeois methodism which would thereby suppress the toiling millions. This sort of defeatism is annoying, particularly when it tries to justify itself on religious grounds.

Goldsmith was of the lower middle-class and one revolts against his idea of getting the footman to cane the child, "because

between him and the boys there could not even be the slightest intimacy'', and therefore it was all right to make him the scapegoat of the students' anger, while he saved the master from being hated and disliked.

CHARLES LAMB (1775—1834).

WITCHES AND OTHER NIGHT FEARS.

Charles Lamb had the great and tender gift of being able to catch and portray the elusive, rather will-o'-the wisp quality of the child's mind. He can comprehend all its fancies and the wondering enchanted look, with the little head cocked to one side, before some magical phenomena. Lamb has the same power as A. A. Milne today, to perceive and get involved in the child's imagination. Of course Milne and Lamb treat of two very different aspects of the imagination. The former deals with the day-light life of the child, the latter of the time when the shades of evening come on, in a dreamy wistful mood, or more scientifically as in this essay.

There is a variety of material in *Witches and Other Night Fears,* which Lamb manages in an orderly manner, providing welcome relief after the earlier essayists like Goldsmith, Steele and even Addison occasionally.

For all his romantic day and night-dreaming, Lamb has a masterly power of architectonics—more priase-worthy still, when we consider the fanciful and imaginative texture of his writing.

The introductory portion to this essay is short; briefly we are told about our ancestor's pet superstitions. The point of significance is the psychological reading of dreams and nightmares. There is usually an obvious predisposing cause for these. In Lamb's own case it was the reading of Stackhouse's Bible, with the *objections* particularly and one picture, more especially, which caused the disturbances. It is often true that in our childhood some one object—be it a piece of furniture or an ornament

on the mantlepiece—took on a sinister and evil meaning for us. With Lamb, it was the picture of the Witch raising Samuel. It is gratifying to read of this childish bogey of fear, because one finds an understanding sympathiser in an experience which is usually cruelly disregarded by parents. They imagine that an obtuse brusqueness, is the only way of administering a healthy dose of practical good sense, whereas the child not knowing the difference between practical common sense and romance, naturally retires into his own little shell, to feel even more terrified in his loneliness.

The *bonne bouche* of this essay is the scientific-psychological explanation given of fears that arise without any concrete cause in our daily existence. There is the example of young T. H. who was kept sedulously away from all supernatural stories; and yet he used to get up in his sleep, shaken with cold sweats of terror, not unlike poor MacBeth in his worst moments. These causeless horrors that appear to us in our sleep like Gorgons and Hydras are but manifestations of premordial types in our blood through heredity. A brilliant suggestion to put forward so confidently as the subject matter of an essay, before Charles Darwin appeared with his *Origin of Species* to straighten out a jumble of facts and superstitions clinging to the evolution of man. Closely allied to Lamb's theory of the presence of the archetype in us, is one of the modern psychological theories, that many of our dreams in which we find ourselves placed in a context quite different to our usual surroundings, are an echo of the experiences of some ancestor whose blood flows in our veins.

Another clever thought, Puckish in its truth and humour comes in the conclusion, to wit, "The degree of the soul's creativeness in sleep, might furnish no whimsical criterion of the quantum of practical faculty resident in the same soul waking." And in accordance with this criterion he humorously comments upon his apparently one and only dream of nereids and ocean steeds, who deserted him on the prosaic flats of Lambeth Palace.

Before concluding, attention should be drawn to Lamb's unfailing sense of humour, which was one of those qualities in the

man which always raised his rather fanciful and abstract subject matter to concreted art, preventing it from losing itself in the bogs and marshes of thick-clouding melancholy or introspection.

Guyon: The knight of Temperance who appears in Spenser's *Faerie Queene.*

He had many an allegorical battle against excesses of all types.

Samuel: See *Samuel* 28.i—"And it came to pass that the Philistines gathered their armies together for warfare, to fight with Israel. . . ." Samuel the ruler of the Israelites was dead, he had been succeeded by Saul, who was much bewildered by the host of the Philistines. He enquired of the Lord for an answer, but the Lord did not answer him. "Then said Saul unto his servants, Seek me a woman that hath a familiar spirit, bring him up whom I shall name that I may go to her, and enquire of her. And his servants said to him, Behold, *there is* a woman that hath familiar spirit at En-dor". (Samuel 28:7). This was the witch who raised up the spirit of Samuel for Saul to answer his questionings.

Errors Dragonets: Error, the vile and filthy monster who ate up her own offspring. She was overthrown by the Red Cross Knight. Dragonets were her children, all of whom were ill-favoured and of sundry shapes. See: *The Faerie Queene*, BK I, Canto I. Verses 13—16.

Gorgons: There were three monsters, Mighty, Wide-wanderer and Medusa. They had hideous faces with fierce eyes and twining serpents instead of locks of hair. Anyone who looked at the Gorgon was immediately turned to stone.

Hydra: A very poisonous snake with a hundred heads. As soon as one head was cut off another one grew in its place.

Chimaera: A monster with the head of a lion, the body of a goat, and the tail of a dragon.

Celaeno. Harpies: The daughters of Atlas. There were seven of them, one of whom was called Celaeno. They are represented with the body of a bird and the face of a woman. The harpies are noisy hungry birds who snatch away food and the souls of the

living to the land of the dead.

Barry Cornwall: A writer of light, pretty pieces, not remembered today. He wrote under the psuedo-nym of Barry Cornwall, his real name being Bryan Waller Procter. He was of the same circle as Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt.

Ino Leucothia: A sea-goddess.

LEIGH HUNT (1784—1859).

FICTION AND MATTER OF FACT.

Leigh Hunt was naturally given to writing in a light and charming manner. It is so with his essays as well as his verse. The essays, however, rank much higher than his poetry, for in them he can report his own share of the divine spark with greater felicity.

Though his subject matter is generally slight, with more show of depth, and originality of thought than is actually there, the restful element of *pleasantness* surrounds and imbues his style. We cannot afford to ignore his work as the froth above the rolling waters; it would be all the worse for us. For Hunt had a very genial and happy mind. It was not tremendous in its plumbing of humanity, it could not strike the revealing flash of genius into the secrets of the Cosmic order, but it was capable of accepting the high philosophy of men like Homer and Shakespeare who could dissect and synthesize at once. Because he was eminently good-natured and blessed with an even graph of nerves this acceptance of universal truths did not come to him through tortured and fevered questionings. The nature of Keats's mind may be said to have a distant kinship with Hunts', though Keats's was by far the more powerful and significant relative. Both these men are associated with the roundness and smoothness of geneality—Keats, through the efforts of his intellect and the natural rhythm of his primitive

being, Hunt through this same generous-natured quality but on a lower grade than Keats'. He lacked his contemporaries' searching intellectual desire for a blessed harmony. His soul had not the power to break down the rocks of mystery to see the calmed waters of the truth within. He is "Sunday's child, bonny and blithe", who can keep a measure of good company with the masters of truth, because he is easy and good-natured enough not to disturb their tranquillity with puerile and discordant argumentation.

Living with the princes of truth had given him some knowledge of the workings of their minds, and he could come and tell the populace in a broad and convincing enough manner, what they talked about and believed. In this essay he takes up the cudgels on behalf of all the grand company of the Ancients, and Shakespeare and Milton against those troublesome Moderns who had been getting so irritating since the time of Dean Swift and Addison, because of their petty interest in fruitless analysis and dissection. Mechanical facts exist through their primary cause which is the mind and the soul of man, which willed them into being because they could *imagine* their birth and functioning. The perceiving age of the imagination could envision the order underlying the mystery of lightening, the orbid heavens and the rushing waters. Newton was a great exponent of facts but he arrived at a very superficial understanding of the nature of the universe. His mind only grasped the physical working of the machine; it could tighten and loosen the correct screws to obtain the desired factual results. He never understood the heart of the machine he operated, its primary cause and the relation of this cause with the forces of love, birth and death.

It is worthwhile to compare Hunt's expression of the comprehensive mind which unites reason with emotional faith, with Cardinal Newman's description of the same quality of intellect in his essay on *The Idea of a University.* Both make a plea for the harmonizing of fact and fancy, which alone can emerge in perfect truth. Newman's language vibrates with the controlled yet vivid rhythm of mind and emotions working in a living

co-ordination. He has arrived at the perception of truth through subjective experience. Hunt's rhythm, on the other hand, does not thrill with the taut strength of a personally realized truth because his nature was not capable of deep enough joy or suffering. Hunt may be summed up as the Above - the Average - Layman, who is a native of the land where great spirits sojourn. He accepts their conventions and attitudes of thought because he has some of their blood flowing in his veins, and because to do so, comes natural to him. On the whole a much luckier class of layman than the poor earthen vessels that vibrate and echo the sounds made by the masters of the money bags and the owners of the tangible show of monopolies and factories.

NOTES.—

Scotus: Erigena, John, lived about 850. He was one of the originators of Medaevial mystical thought. The predecessor of scholastic philosophy and one of the great Schoolmen with, Peter Lombard, Abelard, Abbertus Magnus, Duns Scotus, and Ockham.

Aquinas: St. Thomas (1225—74), An Italian philosopher and Dominican monk, who synthesized all the vast teachings of Mediaeval Theology in his great work, the, *Summa Totius Philosophiae*. Here he harmonized faith and reason.

Pythagoras: A Greek philosopher who flourished in the sixth century B.C. Among the many philosophic theories attributed to him, is the mathematical basis of the universe, according to which the heavenly bodies were divided by laws of musical harmony. Hence the theory of the music of the spheres. Pythagoras also propagated the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul.

Ariosto, Ludovico (1474—1533, The famous author of the great Italian romance-epic, *Orlando Furioso*.

Hume. David (1711—76), Philosopher and political economist. As philosopher he believed that there were evidences of a pattern or order in the universe, but that though this order gave evidence of God, it did not therefore prove that God was goodness.

The Blatant Beast: C. F. Spenser's *Fairie Queene* (VI.XII). The personification of the calumnious arteries of the world. He was a monster and the child of Envy and Detraction.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785—1859)

OUR LADIES OF SORROW.

"Quaint", is the word for this essay. Many strands of silk appear on the face of its tapestry; they shine for a while in the moonlight room of thought, and then quietly turn and disappear. Not one of them can be defined in so many straightforward words, for here there is no sunlight, only the gloaming of evening, when fogs arise from marshy river banks, when shapes grow misty, and when mysterious shades walk in old darkened rooms whose ancient panelling gleams occasionally in the deadening silver light from the shuttered windows.

The description of each of the Ladies of Sorrow, is remote and hushed, and yet malignantly powerful in its own sphere of the darkness of the underworld. The basis of this essay is very slight. Three aspects of sorrow visit the student. The description of each of them is the body and the theme of the work. Nowhere before have Tears, Sighs and Darkness been so personified. Spenser was much given to personification; Error, Vice, Lechery and Lust, appear in *the Fairie Queene* to haunt damp and vaporous Irish forests, but they are ordinary and commonplace in comparison to the very devils De Quincey's mind bodies forth. It is the same quality of mind we find in his essay upon *The Knocking in MacBeth*—a dark mind, that by vivid streaks of revealing lightning transforms all in its own unearthy glow. De Quincey' genius lay in siezing upon some small and apparently insignificant occurrence and in enlarging it to terrible and cosmic proportions, in which thunder, lightning and rain break themselves upon the peak of some grand desolate mountain, while Devils dance the maze of perfected evil. That gargoyle

fiendishness which personifies one aspect of the mediaeval mind, loomed terribly in De Quincey's opium-soaked brain. But he has objectified this element of the supernatural into a hard set shape. In this he differs from Coleridge, another literary opium addict, who also saw sunless seas and mysterious regions,—where, "Alph the sacred river ran In Caverns measureless to man".—for Coleridge's work has a fragmentary nature, without that objectification of nebulous mystery which we experience in De Quincey.

There is also a remotely smiling line of humour running through the fabric of darkness and old night, in this essay. De Quincey has his hit against the rather melancholic and martyrized character of the Madonna.

Mater Lachyramarum or the Madonna sat beside the bedside of a blind and aged man, giving him strength in his sickness, but the time came when she also took away his little daughter, the guide of his blindness, and placed her in the bosom of God as a reward for her kindness to her father. This Christian Lady would give with one hand and take away with the other. Thereby she keeps her memory living and fresh in the minds of her devotees. Our Lady of Sighs is not built on the same large scale as our Lady of Tears. But there is a dangerous mood of cynicism in De Quincey's description of her. "Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as he is desolate, in ruined cities and when the sun has gone down to his rest." This Lady of Sighs is a pitiful wraith who cowers in the hearts of the downtrodden and the lonely.

The portrait of Mater Tenebrarum—Our Lady of Darkness, is terribly reminiscent of Lady MacBeth, when she invokes the powers of hell to unsex her, making a complete devil of her-helf, in her consuming desire for evil. De Quincey may well have had her in mind when he described MacBeth's and Lady MacBeth's surrender to total evil. "She is the defier of God, she

is also the mother of lunacies''. Her domain of power is narrow, but its roots lie deep. She can enter the souls of only those whose natures have been convulsed by the assertion of the evil inherent in all human nature, and in the external cosmic world. This Lady of Darkness comes very near to the personification of evil in mediaeval theology. Here the potentiality of evil resides in the human soul, which potentiality is used by the external powers of darkness to suppress man's immortal soul, and the ''precious jewel'', his conscience.

The conclusion to this essay suddenly recalls the initial theme. De Quincey began by complaining of the sorrows of the student, but they were forgotten in his growing and darkening picture of the universal nature of sorrow. For a moment he breaks into a mood of personal grief, genuine and sincere enough, and not at all Byronic in its terrible grief and frenzy. Then there is a quick recovery, all the more powerful for its unexpectedness and brevity. ''So shall he be accomplished in the furnace—so shall he see things which ought *not* to be seen—sights that are abominable and secrets that are unalterable. So shall he read elder truths, sad truths, great truths, fearful truths. So shall he rise again before he dies''. Our Ladies of Sorrow is like a piece of strange and ancient music born again in a modern mind.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795—1881).

THE GOSPEL OF MAMMONISM.

Carlyle has been adversely criticized for his harsh and jagged style, but this style is the very condition of his peculiar genius and strength, which denounced the capitalists and the shop-keeper's of England. He combined the steady faith and conviction of a prophet with the wrath and invective of the reformer. Had he been only a prophet he would have probably found his way into some category of theological treatises, rather than into the volumes of literature. If he had been merely a reformer he would have

screamed and ranted with a couple of ideas acting as the pegs on which he hung his pet slogans and emotional tags. These ideas, however, many or few, would then have been relegated to the history of Economics. It is the combination of the prophet and the reformer in Carlyle, which brings him within the comprehensive scope of literature.

Basically, Carlyle's subject matter is emotional, but it is controlled by commanding facts, facts into which he pours all his bitter sarcasm and Vials of wrath against society. He was a deeply religious man, but his religious-mindedness did not make him follow the path of renunciation. This is remarkable, when the foundation of his philosophy was that all external reality is but the transient show and outward clothing of the divine spirit within. With such ideas the man could easily have given up the struggle for a balanced material and spiritual existence, confounding his whole nature in the contemplation of the Absolute. But that same Nordic practical good-sense which helped to bolster up Shelley, the naive child of romanticism encouraged Carlyle in his zeal for social reform.

To a large extent, both Shelley and Carlyle have to thank their social environment for their humanitarianism. The Industrial Revolution made a strong impact on their artistic temperaments. Both of them believed that the outward shows of life were the thick Veil hiding the pure Good behind. Unfortunately, all the heavy layers of this Veil were the false values most cherished by society. The tangible, the concrete, and what money could buy were the only commodities that had any reality for mankind. Shelley, the naive child of romanticism believed fervently that one day a miracle would come about, and the Veil would be suddenly rent asunder. Evil and Hatred would creep guiltily away to die, and the world's great age would begin anew, with the return of the golden years, and the rise of another Hellas.

Carlyle's method was a little more down to earth, but hardly practicable because he could not see deep enough into the factual side of his subject. He preached "A fair day's work for a fair rate of pay", which maxim held for both the employer and the

employee. The governing officials and the factory owners had to undergo a change of heart in order to realize that their workers coud not be driven on as slaves or inanimate machines, for they also had a soul and the immortal spirit of God within them. The workers had to do their bit by not demanding unfair and exhorbitantly high rates of wages. In the first instance however, Carlyle's attack was directed against the Rich and the Powerful. They were the ones who had caused all the misery and poverty to begin with, because of their greed and abject Mammon worship. All spiritual and human values were lost to them, and now they were reeling at the perilous edge of a breaking Cliff, ready to be hurled down to bottomless perdition.

On the spiritual side, a cure of this state of affairs could not be effected by a change of heart. For purposes of practical administration Carlyle would have the Hero, or the strongest and most righteous man to rule over society. This Hero worship and Hero rule points directly towards Fascism and Dictatorship. But Carlyle's vision could not penetrate deep enough to detect the fallacies in this theory.

No doubt his theory was conditioned by the very immediate needs of the British nation. Those needs he met frankly and manfully, with a heart full of philanthrophic emotions; but Victorian taboos and conventions shackled him down in the last resort. The masses are like a herd of poor stupid sheep, therefore, a powerful master must be found to guard and guide them,—an idea originating doubtlessly from Papa at Wimpole Street.

If it was social and spiritual freedom that Carlyle and Shelley fought for, Shelley obtains the truer freedom for his Utopia, for it is at least logical when considered on its own hypothesis. There is a universal change of heart, and the abstract quality of Goodness alone sits enthroned in the hearts of all men, and therefore no man molests his brother. With Carlyle freedom blooms for a brief moment, but crumbles and falls because the cancer of Slavery was never effectively rooted out. This cancer is his fundamental disbelief in a democratic system of government.

their transmutation into form and action would have been a wretched fiasco. Finally, he was vulnerable to that same ring of chalk which encloses his own poor Goose in this essay—the chalk ring of imprisoning fascist-capitalism. Carlyle rose with the cry of humanity and universal love on his lips, but his freedom was only the blaze of a comet which disappointed eyes see rise, and sink again into the seething waters of life from whence it arose.

NOTES.—

Spinning arachnes: Arachne was a woman in Greek mythology who challanged Minerva ,to a spinning contest. She designed the loves of the Gods in the web she wove, which angered Minerva who tore up her web, and turned her into a spider. By spinning arachnes Carlyle means the machine-like automatons that man has turned into, in this age of mechanized materialism.

Pluto: The God of death and Hades or the underworld.

Idle game, preserving dilettantism—See, Carlyle, *Past and Present* BK III. Chap. III.

Gehenna and the Pool: Gehenna was originally the name of a place in Jerusalem where the idolaterous worship of Molik was carried on. This worship was stopped by Josiah, and the valley or pool of Gehenna was used as a refuse pit into which were cast the dead bodies of criminals and animals. The name is synonymous with the fiery torments of hell.

R. W. EMERSON (1803—82).

CIVILIZATION.

Different men have given different definitions about this subject, each in accordance with his own personality and background. The definition given by Emerson is likewise peculiar to his particular heritage and environment, yet it has a stronger appeal to the reader's mind because it is a comprehensive explanation, which tries to embrace the primitive as well as the refined qualities of man.

Emerson was an American essayist of the nineteenth century, being a contemporary of the great Victorian writers in England.

At this period England had two main schools of literary *illuminati*, the conservative, conventional party, of which Tennyson and Browning were the leading lights; and the radical or reformist party with men like Carlyle and Ruskin for its leaders.

To some extent Emerson belongs to this latter group, though he naturally differs where the question of a national and social background comes in. Ruskin and Carlyle were both extremists. Emerson on the contrary is a very cool headed democrat. He is on the side of the good and the virtue that is in all men. Humanism is therefore his creed, but not that warm, aesthetic humanism preached by the apostles of the Renaissance. Emerson had engrained within him all that sturdy endurance of mental and physical suffering which the pioneer settlers of America had to experience.

On the physical side, civilization he says, is expressed through man's capacity to harness the forces of nature, however antagonistic they may be, in the service of his bodily ease and comfort. On the spiritual side, civilization is denoted by a strong controlling morality. Like most Americans of Protestant thought, Emerson sprang from Puritan stock, whose ancestors had united their struggle for religious liberty, with their desire for political freedom. Hence we find in him the combination which makes the stoical democrat.

Man can only then be truly said to have advanced above the barbarous stage when he can co-ordinate and mingle his conquests in the physical world with his conquests over his own brute nature. He is civilized, when in controlling the universal systems of earth and air, he can also capture the moral significance of the cosmos for his moral guidance. This physical and spiritual state of oneness, is the real condition of what is civilization. Emerson has expressed himself most aptly and comprehensively in this sentence. "If we can thus ride in Olympian chariots by putting our works in the path of the celestial circuits, we can harness also evil agents, the powers of darkness, and force them to serve against their will the ends of wisdom and virtue."

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811—1863)

ON BEING FOUND OUT.

This essay is of the concentrated essence of Thackeray's soft and weepy mood. Brilliance of ideas, smashing satire and a complete overthrow of the enemy by a dashing *tour de force* is all missing. A huge gap yawns over the pages, hungering to be filled in with some intellectual grit. Alas there is not any of at here. It is all the rather depressing exhibition of a flowing cold being most tenderly nursed.

The opening is unusual, and one sets off expecting original and clever conclusions upon this matter of being found out; but the slump of disappointment comes soon enough, and the reader sinks back with a weary groan. Thackeray goes on repeating the same old thing in a boring tone, which amounts to, "Ah, Vanities of Vanities, every man and woman must be found out—Ah, what a sad, sad thing it is". Further, in his condemnation of the high officials of England, Thackeray reveals the rancour of the underling, the man with a grudge, who is taking bitter pleasure in defaming those above him. All their lives they have trampled upon his corns, and he would fain let the world know of their vices. His strokes are not large and magnificent, there is a touch of petty detail which leaves a bad taste in the mouth; for example ("I see my Lord Bishop of Double—Gloucester sitting in a very uneasy posture on his right reverend bench"). Privately Thackeray seems to be envious of that "right reverend bench". He continues with this process of rubbing it in, My Lord Cinquemarden is getting a caning, much longed for by the author. "The hand drops powerless, apalled at the quality of birch which it must cut and brandish".

Thackeray had the desire to satirize, but he failed as a satirist proper. The art of satire did not flourish in the Victorian era. There were loud-voiced reformers, there were men with their own especial messages from God who insisted on being heard, and who did get a hearing, but they were moralists, not satirists. There is the subjective, personal element in the moralist's nature which will not allow him to encompass the reasonable objectivity of the satirist. Thackeray, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold and Ruskin

are all painfully involved in the twisting burning pain of the sin and vice all around. They had the tremendous ego and faith in themselves as Prophets, to be convinced that they could cure the weeping wounds of society. Accordingly they took on the Keepership of their Brother's Conscience. Each controlled his flock by a different technique of rod administration. Thackeray, however, never really had enough guts to give a few, but really sound and effective cuts. He lays the wretched sinner out before him, raises his hand to strike, but the impending rod is held wavering in mid-air—, because the master has begun to slobber and has lost heart. He cannot do it, for he suddenly but habitually gets involved in thoughts pertaining to the blackguardliness of the world, and how he and one or two other blameless ones, are knocked down into the dirt by my lady's coach and four To continue the similes the miscreant is let out of the study, but only to be harassed in a thousand little ways for the rest of his life.— "Are you alive still, I say, you nameless villain, who escaped discovery on that day of crime? I hope you have escaped often since, old sinner. Ah, what a lucky thing it is, for you and me, my man, that we are *not* found out in all our peccadelloes; and that our backs can slip away from the master and the cane!"

Thackeray had rather an undecided footing on this business of satirizing. He is at his best in the mellow and sad sunset glow of reminiscence. That is his own proper sphere. His emotions can come forth tenderly, with the wistful smile of the departing sun on an autumn day. In this Thackeray achieves a complete expression of a co-ordinated mood, and the art is not broken by alien material which will not mix with its main ingredients. *Henry Esmond* is such a novel of reminiscence, and it has been well adjudged as Thackeray's best work. In it we feel and hold all the quiet, and the lovely significance of "*Mais on sont les neiges d'antan*"?

It would be most unjust to belittle Thackeray as an artist altogether, merely on the grounds of his failure at satire.

He did find a medium for his own peculiar genius, and he did succeed in setting it down in a manner that endures for posterity, *inspite* of the discordant element of satire. He could not make

it cohere with his personality, but he had the courage and the artist's admirable ruthlessness to reject it, in a measure strong enough to allow of the gold to shine forth.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822—1888).

SHAKESPEARE AND THE GREEK POETS.

Simplicity and compactness of thought and expression, characterize this essay. The quality of simplicity is to be found in all Arnold's prose works, but the brevity is uncommon indeed, and therefore all the more pleasing. One of the reasons for this economy of expression is that, this essay is intended more for the academic specialist than for the layman. The majority of Arnold's lectures and essays are written for the moral and cultural benefit of the upper-middle classes, who had plenty of money, but who did not know anything of spiritual and aesthetic values.

Arnold's usual ingredients for prose writing are to be found here also, viz: literary criticism and a moral cum cultural message. He begins by criticizing Shakespeare and does it judiciously enough to a point. Shakespeare's romantic capacity for suggestion and a complex penetration of his subject is juxtaposed against the Ancients' classic power of economy of effect and the strength of undeviating concentration in the direction of the most significant situation. In Arnold's opinion, it would be much more beneficial to the literary *aspirant* to emulate the classic architecture of the Ancients, rather than the luxuriant Renaissance palaces and fairy-haunted forests of Shakespeare's imagination. Shakespeare's deviation into sub-plots, under-plots and scenes of clowning buffoonery, demands strength and fecundity of verbal expression, while stress on simile and metaphor is apt to mislead the young writer. He will be inclined to give importance of place to the obvious show of beauty and colour, and to the felicitous manner of saying something unimportant, rather than be occupied with the structure and architectonics of his material.

The summing up of the essay comes in Arnold's message to all men, whether they be writers or the general public. He would

have men pattern their lives according to the values of high living set up by the Ancients. That however, is not to say, that everything advocated by them is of moment and significance to contemporary life. Much in the Ancients' idea of values was redundant and useless, but finally they were the masters of truth. Arnold stresses the necessity for modern society to be able to distinguish those beacons of eternal philosophic truths which shine permanently, which are of use to all men and at all times, because they are of the unperishing spiritual nature of life.

We agree whole-heartedly with Arnold's desire for great and high-living but we also feel that, he who was such an ardent votary of the Classicists, should not have allowed himself to be carried away by his admiration for them to an extent which would, in his conclusions, make him unjust to Shakespeare. Shakespeare too can-teach us the same heroic style of living, and the same grand manner of taking our exit from off this stage of life. For what have, Lear, Hamlet and Othello done but live intensely and passionately, and died with their moral beings conversing with the Gods themselves?

Arnold ignores the fact that, even if Shakespeare can be misleading to the youthful literary amateur, he is certainly not beneath the Ancients in his perception of the cosmic forces which form the bed-rocks and the highest peaks of human life.

NOTE.

Pittacus: Flourished sometime during the seventh century B.C. He was one of the seven sages who were men of practical wisdom living between 620-550 B.C. They included statesmen, law-givers and philosophers.

R. L. STEVENSON (1850—1894)

ROADS.

Stevenson has the unique combination of the spirit of youth and adventure, of philosophy, and of psychological analysis. In the past, walking tours had always been popular with Englishmen of

letters. The climate is congenial and nature is mellow and subdued, giving rise to fruitful and healthful contemplation, as the body relaxes in the rhythmic movement of walking.

Stevenson's analysis of the mind in relation to roads is sensitive and subtle, not fearing to set down and report the most detailed moods and emotions of the road-lover. It is truthfully done with a tender love and comradeship for the spirit of roads; and one begins to feel a nostalgia for those by-gone days when the poets and writers either walked themselves, and kept journals, or started their characters on journeys, which posterity has enjoyed with them.

Cynics are apt to deride the quiet contentment which Stevenson finds in nature here, on the ground that it is a case of pathetic fallacy. The poor tubercolosis-ridden man is trying to hoodwink himself into believing that he is realy healthy and at rest. But this sort of cleverness in favour of the truth can be overdone, and thus lose its perspective. Adventure, youthfulness and sweet-contemplation were an integral part of R. L. S. just as much as the consumption which finally overtook him. Their roots lay not merely in a re-action to his disease. They must have been in his blood, otherwise his re-action (and everyman offers a re-action to his cross) would have taken some other form.

So here in his essay on Roads, Stevenson gives us the genuine pleasures of a happy man, whose mind is free from carking care to catch the purity of living with body and mind, in the embodiment of the Road.

WALKING TOURS.

This essay is in a more dynamic mood than the one on *Roads;* and no wonder, for the one bespeaks of the spirit and the soul of highways and bye-ways, whereas this one is concerned with the active movement of the body while walking and the thoughts that accompany it.

Most of Stevenson's essays have the reformist's note of admonition against the Philistine, grown crabbed and old with over-

work and the sick-hurry of the false life in which he has involved himself. In the essay on *Walking Tours* he begins by condemning the faulty technique and attitude of mind of the walker who goes a journeying as if bound down by duty. This type of militant walker is common, and it is good to bear someone giving him on adequate rating in fine English prose. However one can only hope that such a one will have the time to heed it.

The spirit of Hazlitt's essay *On Going on a Journey* pervades Stevenson's essay, and constitutes the standard of the best manner of undertaking a walking-tour. Robert Louis always had a nostalgia for the glories of the past, so much so that he rather erroneously considered that his real happiness dwelt only in days that had passed away.—"Happy! I was only happy once, that time at Hyeres". This is more the sweet pain of nausea than constant pleasure which is happiness. However, Stevenson born in the Victorian era is beginning to feel that Hazlitts' days of walking-tours are more or less over, and that the city is claiming more and more of man's time. Inspite of his justified annoyance and condemnation of the money-grubbing business-man he maintains intact the serene contentment which he derives from the landscape, the exercise and the evening's rest when out a-journeying on his own happy legs. This is a great quality all the more remarkable when we consider that most of the Victorians lost all their poised serenity when they went in for a campaign or a tirade against the bourgeoisie.

Stevenson is exhilarating and refreshing, yet he offers us rest and quiet breathing, through a genial harmony of physical and mental effort.

BERTRAND RUSSELL (1872—).

MACHINES AND THE EMOTIONS.

This essay is short and brilliant. One fallacious view after the other, in connection with machines and the emotions is knocked over by Russell's usual clear-sighted and revealing power of logical analysis. He is no sentimental utopian who like the

Pre-Raphaelites would forget that machines ever existed and would go and live in a past, now dead to contemporary life. Neither is he of the same mind with the slick modern business-man, who because he is the profiteer by his machine, admires its stream-lined beauty, and argues in its favour because he says it increases wealth and therefore human happiness.

Russell's contention is, that human happiness rests mainly on the fulfilment of the desire for admiration and respect (provided of course that the bare physical needs are satisfied). To suppose that an increase in wealth, is going to increase happiness is wrong from three points of view Firstly it is only in our lop-sided society that money gives respect to a man. Men have received the respect and admiration they desire through art, science and their religious practices. Secondly a general increase in wealth does not mean an increase in happiness, because no one will have the pleasure of satisfying his vanity through competition, since a general increase implies the same ratio of material betterment for all. Thirdly, the business-man's argument that machines increase wealth is false, because they usually cause destitution or poverty for the majority.

It is one of Russell's great qualities that his work combines a brilliant analysis of false human values, with a creative power, which constructs and organizes anew, for a better and more right-minded world.

The second half of this essay provides the solution. Since human happiness does not depend solely upon an increase in wealth, and since machines, wars and psychological repressions flourish as a result of a belief in this idea, machines should be kept, but there should be an equitable distribution of wealth. In this way no one would snatch the food from his neighbour's mouth, to gain the respect and admiration of society. Secondly, wars have an economic and a psychological cause. The economic cause can be remedied through the abolition of capitalism. The psychological cause arises, because of a maladjustment between man's spontaneous nature and the regularity and precision demanded by the machine. This conflict between the two breaks out in the perverted excitement of war; mankind hoping to find a release from its robot-like

existence through bloodshed. It is clear therefore that human beings should be given opportunities for satisfying their sense of high adventure and romance. Russell provides examples of some such healthy psychological outlets. Thus his answer to Machines and the Emotions lies in making a balance between that part of man's mind which is precise and logical and invented the machine, and that part of it which creates and responds to the many coloured dome of life.

ERNEST BARKER.

NATIONALISM: ITS VIRTUES AND VICES.

This essay is remarkable for its originality of thought. It looks at the problem of nationalism from quite a new angle. True, that Barker is for a compromise between the Rightists and the Leftists, and that compromises have usually been made by men, when the extremes of a problem have reached their illogical conclusions. But the compromise made here, is a new one, to a fairly old problem, and it has vaguely or hardly at all existed in the thoughts of the Ancients or the Moderns.

Most people today, are taken up with the idea of individualism and human relationships; all honour to them. In their own way, they are creating beauty and goodness, without violence to other human lives. The problem of patriotism, nationalism and internationalism still remains. It is the general aspect of life, whereas the other one, that of human relations is the personal aspect of living. When Forster says, he would even betray his country for his friend, some may consider he is being rather re-actionary to the general mess he finds in the world. Why not then put this general mess right, as far as we can? Barker suggests as a solution a merging of tradition and new thought. Keep your natural manners, and your natural grace of living and moving. They came from your blood and tradition, and only through them can you see the higher truths of universal brotherhood. The comity of nations that is thus founded will be permanent

and a reality to the rhythm of human living, because it will be based on an actuality which can envisage and put into practice an even more comprehensive truth.

E. M. FORSTER (1879—).

WHAT I BELIEVE.

There was a time, not too long ago, when no one had the courage to believe in anything at all. The ranks of the sceptics, and the athiests had gradually been swelling from the time of Shelley. Their members showed a steady increase during the Victorian period, reaching their zenith during the Post-War I period.

More recently however, (before, during, and even after World War II) writers and thinkers have begun to raise their heads from the debris of the fallen values and faiths around them. They have noticed that other human beings are doing the same, and that small groups of poor suffering mankind, are giving each other a helping hand out of this wreckage, to be able to stand and live again. They are ready to face the heavens again, and ready to breathe in the sunlight, even though it come painfully through the sooty fog and black factory hooters.

Political utopias, and religious comforts are a lot of hypocritical, canting humbug. All that we feel to be a reality, all that spontaneously and sincerely exists, are the links with a few other human beings, which we call human relationships. Keats described this sentiment perfecly; he called it the Holiness of the Heart's Affections. This phrase sums up the nature of the goodness that resides in all of us, but which only predominates in the sensitive few. These few, compose Forster's aristocracy, because they will not let force and the violence and stupidity of *causes* upset the true and natural flow of their affections. Such people depend on a couple of human beings for their happiness and fulfilment. Love and loyalty, these are precious things in an ugly world. They are the bed-rock of the good that is in human nature, for they are creative. ''This'', Forster may say with Keats ''Is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.''

LLEWELYN POWYS (1884—1944).

THE EPICUREAN TRADITION.

"Christianity has the eye of a sick cat, anxious, unreconciled, and full of discontent with the lawns and sun-warmed garden spaces."

Jesus, "pale Galilean", has thrown the world into an unhealthy state of morbidity, giving itself expression in complex and inhibition-ridden human beings, who are so unhappy that not only their minds, but also their bodies are sick with disease. Christianity's constant emphasis on death as against life, has twisted man's natural open-ness and spontaneity of living into mean and dark alleys of thought. The impulse with which he realizes that he is conscious, alive and sensitive to the rich joys of his five senses has been thwarted, having an abortive birth in sordid and surruptitous love and wrong-headed values of life in general in which the superficial blaze of money and position constitute happiness. This is so because the fear of death hangs constantly over the Christian, and like the sword of Damocles it worries and upsets the natural and harmonious maturity of his body and mind. The earth takes on the aspect of a hunting-ground for pleasure, to be enjoyed within a limited period of time before the french leave ends and grey Jehovah comes to take his due. Thus is human life turned away from its quiet growth and true development, and thus does Christianity mangle it by imposing the artificial iron rod into the natural rhythm of its flowering in the sunlight.

"Death is nothing to us; for that which is dissolved is without sensation; and that which lacks sensation is nothing to us."

Against the essentially wrong spirit of Christianity, Powys juxtaposes the philosophy of Epicurus, where man should, "take the world at its face value...... with a mind free from care, and a body free from pain to live like a God among men". And how is this to be achieved? Certainly not through the Christian renunciation of physical pleasures nor either through Dionysiac orgies of drunken mirth. "Prudence must be the directing

rudder of life''. A man's balanced living depends solely upon securing personal happiness for himself, a happiness that hurts neither his neighbour nor himself. Play your part in the spectacle of life with gusto and high energy, always based upon the foundations of sane goodness, and free from the precipitous rocks of extremes. Death should mean nothing in human life, for it is nothing; it causes a nothingness of us, extinguishing Purgatory, Heaven and Hell.

Powy's philosophy is refreshing and particularly so these days, when we read and hear so much about renunciation, detachment and the culminating state of nirvana. His whole being and psyche seems to have swung back to its original and primitive origin. To live in accordance with the laws of nature until we are so impregnated with this tradition of living, that we are unconscious of it—this is humanity's true goal of bliss and perfection. In most other philosophies the capricious and meddling intellect, caricatured in our ancestor the ape dominates, vaingloriously disguising its own fallibility by the imposition of spiritual dogma and imperative. To all this Powys believes, Epicurus' philosophy of freedom from physical pain and privation offers a correct and solutary cure, as on the other hand it does to the sordid lucre-stinking mentality of the industrious church-going bourgeoisie.

There is nothing sceptical or in the ''I think so, I do not Know whether You agree or not'' vein in Powy's style. His expression is straightforward, he says what he believes without any apologies for his ''Damnable Opinions''. There is a healthy freedom combined with a sensitive poetic imagination, which bespeaks of essential balance and sanity in the man, unlike the weakness we sometimes detect in the writings of a number of moderns, who really do not know their own minds, and present us their undercooked thought in the hollow crust of non-committal broadmindedness.

Powys is of the same literary tradition as Swinburne and Walt Whitman, and it is interesting to see whether the spontaneous and natural music of these enemies of Christianity will ever control, or even introduce some of its happiness into, the lives of the

Christians with their whining prayers, resembling the noises of a whipped dog.

NOTES.

Epicurus (341-270 B.C.) born at Samos, and settled in Athens in 306 B. C. where he founded his school, called the "Gardens", and in which he taught his philosophy.

Democritus: Born about 460 B.C. A Greek philosopher whose theory of matter and atoms closely approximates to modern scientific thought.

Aristippus: Founder of the Cyrenaic philosophy which regarded pleasure as the only real good in life. Each man however must select his pleasures in accordance with what suits him most. One man's meat may be another man's poison.

HAROLD NICOLSON (1886—).

COINCIDENCES.

Coincidences usually raise thoughts of such vasty and awful matters as Destiny, Fate, the Supernatural, Black magic, and even sage Philosophy is affected and knits her brows. If in the end we are baffled, we are also teased enough to tackle the mystery of coincidences on another rainy afternoon. The cause of the strange fascination of coincidence stories is summed up by Nicolson in this sentence. "And those who test the value of a story by the amount it contains of interesting truth will thus dwell lovingly on the coincidence story since here at least fantasy does not illumine but obscures".

A coincidence story titillates the romantic fancy, which loves to roam in the dark magic of its forest, pricked here and there by a few goblin-lights that lead up a pathway and then are suddenly quenched in the thick mantle of the dark. Another lamp starts up somewhere else, and we run after it with bated breath, fearful lest its faery-spirit should know that we are on its track, but lo! it too suddenly sinks and dies and we are lost in blank darkness.

The first two stories related by Nicolson give rise to similiar emotions of mystified puzzlement, as no doubt they are calculated to do. The last one is a cheery joke and we laugh heartily over it, with a definite touch of relief because the joke is at the expense of "Coincidences" for once, though our conscience whispers, "But have you really solved the riddle of this Sphinx?"